

A true line needs no lash

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Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

**Many Of 111 Entries Made
For Santa Anita Named
Without Faintest Chance**

The weights for the Santa Anita Handicap, \$100,000 added, which may now be postponed at the request of the army, were to be announced before this issue of THE CHRONICLE came from the press: December 15 was the date set for their publication, entries having closed on the first, when the record number of 111 were reported.

In advance of the assignments interest had centered in the individualities of the different horses nominated. They were, as usual a very mixed lot, ranging all the way from the "Horse of the Year" (1941)—either Whirlaway or Alsab, according to taste, both being listed—down to the inevitable corps of unknowns and no-accounts at the bottom of the roster.

Innocent bystanders often marvel why it is that horses of the latter category are entered in such events; the probability of their winning being about as remote as the planet Sirius.

There are, however, divers reasons—if you would call them that.

The original nomination fee is small. It is the later ones, especially the starting fee, that calls for a well-lined pocket-book.

Many owners enter horses in such races without the slightest intention of ever sending them to the post. They do so as an advertisement.

The purpose being to attract attention to themselves and to the horses which they enter.

The latter are often animals that

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Jockey Club Asked To Change Ruling To Register Horses

A. H. Morris has proposed the following amendments to the rules of racing and forwarded same to the Jockey Club, which organization will hold its annual meeting at the office of the club, 250 Park Ave., New York, Thursday, Jan. 8, at 4 o'clock. Mr. Morris' amendments have to do with registration of thoroughbred horses, and are reprinted as follows:

Strike out Rule 65 and substitute: "Rule 65. Upon failure to register a horse before November 1st of the year of his birth, he may be registered prior to March 1st of his two

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U. S. Cavalry Chief Describes Purpose Of Modern Cavalry

**General Herr Says U. S.
Cavalry Best In World; Can
Use More Good Horsemen**

This week The Chronicle went to see the Chief of the United States Cavalry, Major General John K. Herr, for it is to the cavalry, more than any other branch of the service that the horseman accustomed to the horse in the hunting field and the show ring is most closely affiliated and it is with the cavalry that the energies of horsemen can be best devoted.

What part is the cavalry going to play in this war? What part can they play up against mechanized units? Are they outmoded or can they be a contributing factor in a modern fully equipped army such as the United States may send abroad to bring a permanent victory to this country?

These questions are ones that General Herr has answered better than any other man in the United States today for General Herr is heart and soul in the cavalry, believes implicitly in its efficiency in modern warfare and foresees clearly its importance in all types of mobile engagements. Experience in recent maneuvers of the United States Army have but lent further emphasis to the

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Speculate Leads 1941 Steeplechasers; Corrigan Heads Hunt Meeting Winners

**Shoo Fly Beats Last
Year's Champion In
Quarter-Horse Race**

BY E. J. HUSTED

Believing that The Chronicle readers would be interested in the quarter horse racing which is in current session near Tucson, Ariz., I am sending you the enclosed clipping. These races got under way Sunday, Dec. 7.

The feature race was a match between Clabber and Shoo-Fly. Clabber is just a typical cow horse, big bodied and big headed, short legs, tremendous quarters and heavily muscled forearms. Shoo-Fly appeared to have a bit of breeding from some where. Neither stood over 15.0 hands. They both carried about 140 lbs., and Clabber who has won everything out here for years, got away much the fastest and had a 2 length lead at the eighth which he ran according to my watch in 11 flat. The he faded and was beaten half a length in 22 3-5.

The distance is undoubtedly accurate as it was taped the day before the races. The horses start out of a chute with mechanically operated gates and the times are taken from the instant the gate flashes and not from a flag. In other words it is an absolutely flat footed start.

The big differences I see in these

Continued on Page Sixteen

**Arthur White Leading
Trainer In N. S. & H. A.
Statistics In Money Won**

Bayard Sharp, a newcomer to the steeplechase game, first sending his colors through the field last July, enjoyed the unusual distinction of owning the leading money winning 'chaser of 1941. Speculate, winner of the Belmont Grand National, the richest and most important jumping race in America, won \$20,975 in winning 3 and placing in 4 races out of 3 starts. This grey son of Westwick, but a 5-year-old, led Mrs. Arthur White's gallant and consistent Bay Dean with \$15,845 and George H. Bostwick's Sussex, with \$14,475.

These figures were released by the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association in its annual report on steeplechasing in the United States for 1941. Compiled by Fred H. Parks, secretary and Jack Cooper, assistant, the report was published "in appreciation of those who have made possible the progress of the sport and which was accomplished through the cooperation and help of the racing associations, members of the press, owners, trainers, riders and the public in general", a gracious gesture!

The cover carries the purple and gold colors of Mr. Sharp, who hails from Wilmington, Del. From the introduction is quoted: "The year 1941 has generally been considered an excellent one for the hunt meetings. The fields were of good size, the racing provided keen competition, and a larger number of the better class horses from the major tracks were seen under colors at the amateur meetings.

"Steeplechasing at the major tracks this year did not fare as well as at the hunt meetings and failed

Continued on Page Four

Foxhunting And The War

**The Problem Of What Part Can Foxhunting Play In Wartime
Is Well Answered By A Noted American M. F. H. In England
Who Describes How England Has Handled Her Sport**

By A. Henry Higginson, M. F. H.

It was during the early years of the last Great War, before the United States had entered into it, that I had the honour to preside at a dinner which was given at the Riding Club of New York by the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America, in honour of Sir Charles Gunning, at that time head of the British Remount Commission in America. Sir Charles, who at one time had been Master of the Woodland Pytchley had been judging at the Hound Show, which was that year held at the old Madison Square Garden. I remember there was talk at that time that the future of Foxhunting in England was in jeopardy, and the Masters of Foxhounds of America voted to advise the M. F. H. Association of the Mother Country that, if it became necessary, all help would be given in preserving the best blood of the breed by caring for no less than two hundred and fifty couples of hounds, should it be deemed wise to ship them to the U. S. A. during the duration of hostilities. As a matter of fact, the necessity for this action never arose. The feeling in England at that time that the national sport of hunting must be preserved at any cost was very strong, and thanks to the support of many

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Caliente 'Chasing Opens With Victory By Ship Executive

The 1941-1942 Agua Caliente, Mexico, steeplechasing got away to a fine start last Sunday, Dec. 14, when Ship Executive, formerly the faithful color-bearer of the Harold Talbotts, of Long Island and Virginia, romped home the winner of the about 2 miles and 13 jumps in 4:09 3-5. R. H. "Spec" Crawford

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Hunting Notes:-



Southern New Jersey Hounds Have Three Distinct Characteristics

BY W. NEWBOLD ELY, M. F. H.

Last week we said we'd give a few notes on a foxhunt in southern New Jersey. The quarry, "country" and method of training hounds off deer were described then, so we'll go right into a description of the hounds.

They are mostly of the Pennsylvania-Maryland type recently put on the formal hunt map by the Penn-Marydel Association. These southern New Jersey hounds have, however, three characteristics,—first: they are all on the big side, with practically no small hounds. This is due to the fact that with no Page wire fences, as on parts of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, there is no need to breed the small type. Second: the majority have a Walker outcross as a hound with 25 percent Walker blood is preferred. This outcross shows in the carriage of the stern, a general "stiffness" and their hard driving. Third: unfortunately far too many are bred and raised outside of this section on account of the toll of the dread heartworm.

Although several owners are present with their hounds by some sort of secret election one is huntsman and master for the particular hunt.

Down one of the sandy roads winding through the scrub pine hounds sniff slowly along. Occasionally a hound will stop to investigate some meal in the scrub and a "whipper-in" is after him lest it be the remains of a discarded deer paunch, where a gunner has gutted his kill, because there may be sheep laurel in it and this laurel is deadly to hounds, although harmless to deer which the natives claim cannot be poisoned as they have no gall bladder.

Finally we can hear hounds opening up but there is no excitement. They are only "trailing", and this may go on for hours, or even all day as the trail is probably from four to five hours old. Slowly the hounds creep along like a lot of old Indian chieftains except for their thunderous proclamations every few yards. They cross a sandy road and we can see the telltale footprints of the grey Sir Charles looking like those of a small dog. Here they are, four together where he has stopped to stand and listen, as the murmuring wind in the tree tops brings him that persistent and slightly disturbing tonguing far away across those miles of bright green scrub pine.

These almost limitless low forests seem dry now, and we marvel at the way hounds keep drifting slowly onward on the trail, but dry as the woods are even after a rainy week,

GENESEE VALLEY HUNT

Geneseo, New York.
Established 1876.
Recognized 1894.



Although no cards listing regularly scheduled fixtures are sent out after December 1, Genesee Valley hounds continue to hunt 3 day a week as long as weather permits and those who have stayed on to pursue the sport have been well rewarded.

Acting M. F. H. Edward Mulligan (M. F. H. William P. Wadsworth is away on army duty)—has found himself confronted with numerous adverse circumstances this season in the form of accidents to members of the staff afield in line of duty, a superabundance of deer, and unusually dry weather, but these obstacles have proved to be by no means insurmountable and the genial master and his hounds have shown consistently good sport.

Huntsman Harry Andrews, injured the Saturday after Thanksgiving when his good hunter turned over after stepping into a blind wood-chuck hole, is rapidly on the mend, and Whippers-in Frank Haynes and Betty Andrews, both of whom took smashers earlier in the season, are staging phenomenal recoveries.

In the absence of these regular staff members, Mr. Lewis Bailey is acting as whipper-in pro tem. The state Conservation Commission has cooperated in the solution of the deer problem to the extent of granting a one week open season on bucks beginning November 24 and local Nimrods were apparently active during the period, for our antlered friends are not quite so prevalent as previously—(for which relief much thanks.)

And now at this writing even the weather man has seen fit to favor us with a cooler air and a wet snow.

Last week those who decided to stay on for the late sport enjoyed three highly satisfactory days with hounds. Among those out were Mrs. Edward Mulligan, the Misses Peggy

it is nothing compared to summer time when they are literally like tinder. Then is heard the dreadful roar of the forest fires which crackle across, miles wide—the top fire in the tree tops a half mile ahead of the bottom land—leaving hundreds of thousands of flat gray acres with their black sticks which were once trees—mute memorials to that cigarette of the dumb city motorist.

But now the high old cars—some seventeen years of age—are chugging forward at a furious pace. No low hung, streamlined numbers are practical on account of the probability of their being impaled on a sandbar or log between the ruts in the "roads."

(Continued Next Week)

and Pansy Shiverick and Mr. Charles Z. Case of Avon, Misses Penelope Crane, Marion Miller and Mr. Thomas Cook of Buffalo, Mr. Oscar Soule of Syracuse, Miss Betty Knowlton and Miss Grace Moffett and Messrs. Wesley Moffett, Don Brown and George Ernst of Rochester and that hard riding local contingent Messrs. Edward Lavery, Irvin Baird, Max and Bob Glover, Mark Welch and Roy and Ralph Bow, all of Geneseo.

Monday, Dec. 1.

A crisp day with a broken sky and some moisture in the ground as M. F. H. Mulligan led a small field from the Kennels at 11:00 o'clock. He crossed the state road and drew south through the Wheeler Gulley to the Aiken farm. This proved to be a blank effort but a subsequent cast in the Sugarbush was quickly rewarded. Hounds opened with a jubilant chorus and ran their fox in a great sweeping line north to the Seven Nations Road and back around through the Wheeler Gulley where they checked briefly.

Then hounds hit it again and carried them across the Jaycocks Road in a good burst before their heads finally went up. Hounds worked hard and persistently toward the Sugarbush and there were more bits of music but they couldn't get him away, and about 3:30 the Master blew "home".

Grooms were waiting near the Aiken farm to hack horses to stables, and with hounds at foot the procession started homeward up the dirt road. Before they had gone 2 hundred yards hounds hit a line and went off like smoke before they could be whipped off.

There was a great scramble as the members of the field of a few moments earlier jumped from their cars, remounted and were off in pursuit. It was a short run to the lot just opposite the Kennels where the field galloped up laughing, breathless, hardly settled in their saddles and with ill fitting stirrup leathers an instant before adjusted for the groom's ride home.

Wednesday, Dec. 3

Hounds met at the North farm just west of the village of Geneseo at 11:00 a. m. It was a warm, almost balmy day and there were some pessimistic comments on the day's prospects. Hounds were cast on the flats further to the west and within a short time there was an undeniable solo note chorused by the pack in a joyous crescendo.

The line led southeast through the Black Walnut lot to the Fall Brook farm and hounds worked it with great pace and drive. So straight and true were they running that 3 startled does which ran directly across their path failed to turn them from their true purpose.

After a check and a fruitless cast Mr. Mulligan lifted hounds and drew north along the Genesee River. There were other short runs and at one juncture the field had to ford the River at a low point in order to stay with hounds. A recent deer line took the pack's attention for a few moments but they were soon turned, and since by that time it was about 3:00 o'clock and growing increasingly warm, hounds were lifted for the day and returned to kennels in the station wagon, a recent innovation, and a conveyance to which hounds seem in no way to object.

Saturday, Dec. 6

It dawned cold and overcast with snow flurries in the air and all visible signs pointing to an excellent day, but due either to the particular area hunted or perhaps to some one of the many inexplicable, or should

we say debatable factors involved in foxhunting, it proved to be the least successful.

Hounds met at the Conesus farm near Ashantee, just south of Avon at 11:00 o'clock with the largest field of the week in attendance. The Master first cast hounds in a covert just north of the farm and later drew south along the River.

Hounds worked valiantly but it was after 2:00 before they put on their first fox. When they did find, it was almost behind the site of old Bleak House, and they ran him hard and fast for about 3 miles until they put him to ground in the Wheeler Gulley. Since by that time it was growing dark and increasingly cold and blustery and the members of the field for the most part were a long way from van and stable it was decided to forego further hunting for the day in favor of the fireside and suitable internal warmth.

—Jerry Foland

INFANTRY SCHOOL HUNT

Fort Benning, Georgia.
Established 1923.
Recognized 1927.



HUNTING PIG

Sunday, Nov. 23rd

The prolonged drought has made poor fox hunting and the past two Sundays we have hunted wild pig. It has been so dry that the Chattahoochee river has scarcely one-third its normal volume of water. The powdery clay dust everywhere soon lines the hounds' and hunters' respiratory systems with mud. However, the pig hunting is better, for the ground around the edges of the swamps, and much of the swamps themselves, have dried and hardened so that we can follow hounds more closely and farther while mounted.

This Sunday a field of 68 rode out five miles to meet the hounds, 3 1/2 couples, about daybreak. Then soon got up a boar and ran him for nearly an hour, keeping him more or less in the open and affording the field some good galloping through the woods. On these days you don't need a good jumper but a solid fellow who'll keep his feet out of holes and give your knees enough room as he scampers among the trees like a pony in a polo bending race. He must be willing to keep on going through underbrush without any help from you, for your head is usually down and your arms in front warding off brambles. Toward the end the field was considerably held up by having to slide practically straight down a 25-foot bank into 3 feet of water, splash across the stream and scramble

Continued on Page Three

SPORTING BOOKS

THOROUGHbred TYPES 1900 - 1925. Portraits of Notable Race Horses, Steeplechase & Cross Country Horses, Hunters & Polo Ponies. Descriptive text by W. S. Voshburgh, Chas. D. Lanier, etc. New York: Privately Printed. 1926. Man O'War Edition, 4to \$75.00

ALKEN (HENRY) ILLUSTRATIONS TO POPULAR SONGS. A Series of 43 coloured plates, with several subjects on each by Henry Alken. oblong folio, original pink boards, leather label. London: 1823 \$60.00

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The Sporting Calendar

Racing Calendar

DECEMBER

1-20—Charles Town Jockey Club, Charles Town, W. Va.
 1. for 52 Sundays. Agua Caliente, Baja California Jockey Club, Mexico.
 31-Mar. 16. Santa Anita Park, Los Angeles Turf Club, Arcadia, Cal.
 California Breeders' Champion Stakes, 1 ml., 2-year-olds; Cal. bred, Wed., Dec. 31.
 San Gabriel 'Cap, 6 f., 3 & up; Thurs., Jan. 1 \$20,000 Added
 Santa Susana Stakes, 6 f., 3-year-olds; Sat., Jan. 3 \$10,000 Added
 San Felipe Stakes, 6 f., 3-year-old colts and geldings; Sat., Jan. 3 \$10,000 Added
 San Marcos 'Cap, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up; Sat., Jan. 17 \$25,000 Added
 San Pasqual 'Cap, 7 f., 3-year-olds; Sat., Jan. 24 \$10,000 Added
 Santa Margarita 'Cap, 1 ml., 3 & up, fillies and mares; Sat., Jan. 24 \$10,000 Added
 San Vicente 'Cap, 1 ml., 3-year-olds; Sat., Feb. 7 \$10,000 Added
 Santa Catalina 'Cap, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Cal. bred, Sat., Feb. 14 \$20,000 Added
 San Carlos 'Cap, 7 f., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 21 \$10,000 Added
 Santa Anita Derby, 1 1/2 ml., 3-year-olds; Wed., Feb. 25 \$50,000 Added
 San Antonio 'Cap, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 28 \$1,200 Purses
 Santa Maria Stakes, 3 1/2 f., 2-year-olds, Cal. bred, Wed., Mar. 4 \$10,000 Added
 Santa Anita 'Cap, 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Mar. 7 \$100,000 Added
 Santa Barbara Stakes, 3 1/2 f., 2-year-olds, Wed., Mar. 11 \$10,000 Added
 San Juan Capistrano 'Cap, 1 7-16, 3 & up, Sat., Mar. 14 \$20,000 Added
 San Fernando, conditions and dist. to be announced Feb. 28, 3 & up, Wed., Mar. 16 \$10,000 Added

20-Jan. 13. Tropical Park, Winter Meeting, Gables Racing Assn., Coral Gables, Fla.
 Inaugural Handicap, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., Dec. 20 \$2,500 Added
 The Kendall, 1 ml. & 70 yds, 3 & up, Mon., Dec. 22 \$1,200 Purses
 The Okeechobee, 6 f., 3 & up, Tues., Dec. 23 \$1,200 Purses
 The Christmas Eve, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Wed., Dec. 24 \$1,200 Purses
 Christmas Handicap, 1 ml. 70 yds., 3 & up, Thurs., Dec. 25 \$2,500 Added
 The Dania, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Fri., Dec. 26 \$1,200 Purses
 Key West Handicap, 6 f., 2-year-olds, Sat., Dec. 27 \$2,500 Added
 The Miami Shores, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., Dec. 29 \$1,200 Purses
 The Pompano, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Tues., Dec. 30 \$1,200 Purses
 The New Year's Eve, 6 f., 3 & up, Wed., Dec. 31 \$1,200 Purses
 Orange Bowl Handicap, 3 & up, 1 1-16 ml., Thurs., Jan. 1 \$2,500 Added
 Winter Handicap, 3 & up, 6 f., Sat., Jan. 3 \$2,500 Added
 Defense Handicap, 3 & up, 1 1/2 ml., Sat., Jan. 10 \$3,000 Added
 (All above handicaps overnight)

25-Feb. 17. Fair Grounds Breeders and Racing Assn.
 Pontchartrain Handicap, Christmas Day, Dec. 25 \$2,500 Added
 (Address all communications to Fair Grounds Race Course, New Orleans, La., Sylvester W. Labrot, Chairman).

JANUARY

14-Mar. 7. Hialeah Park, Miami Jockey Club, Inc., Miami, Fla.
 Hialeah Park, Inaugural Handicap, 6 f., 3 & up, Wed., Jan. 14. (close Nov. 15) \$5,000 Added
 Hialeah Stakes, 6 f., 3-year-olds, Sat., Jan. 17 \$5,000 Added
 Palm Beach Handicap, 7 f., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 24 \$5,000 Added
 Miami Beach Handicap, 1 1-16 ml., on turf, 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 31 \$5,000 Added
 Bahamas Handicap, 7 f., 3-year-olds, Sat., Feb. 7 \$5,000 Added
 Evening Handicap, 7 f., 3 & up, fillies & mares, Sat., Feb. 14 \$5,000 Added
 McLennan Memorial Handicap, 1 1/2 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 21. (close Nov. 15) \$10,000 Added
 Flamingo Stakes, 1 1/2 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 28. (close Nov. 15) \$25,000 Added
 Black Helen Handicap, 1 1/2 ml., 3 & up, fillies and mares, Mon., Mar. 2. (close Nov. 15) \$10,000 Added
 Hialeah Juvenile Stakes, 3 f., 2-year-olds, Sat., Mar. 7 \$5,000 Added
 Widener Handicap, 1 1/4 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Mar. 7. (close Nov. 15) \$50,000 Added
 (Stakes close approximately one week prior to date of running, unless otherwise stated)

FEBRUARY

23-Mar. 28—Oaklawn Park Jockey Club, Hot Springs, Ark. 30 days.

MARCH

9-April 10—Tropical Park, Gables Racing Assn., Fla. 29 days.
 16-April 8—Bay Meadows, California Jockey Club, Inc., San Mateo, Calif. 20 days.

APRIL

11-May 8—Metropolitan Jockey Club, Jamaica, L. I., N. Y. 24 days.
 10-May 27—Tanforan Co. Ltd., San Bruno, Calif. 41 days.

Infantry School

Continued from Page Two

zig-zag up the other side, one horse at a time due to heavy undergrowth. By the time each gets to the top those ahead are out of sight and he dashes after, hoping the horse can find the others as the pack has gone out of hearing. Part of the field caught up in time to see the hounds bring their boar, about 175 pounds, to bay in the open woods where all could see "Jack" go in first, as usual, and get a cheek hold. This gives the huntsmen a chance to jump on the pig's back and throw him. A noose is dropped over his jaws while his two hind legs are secured and the rope held taught at a safe distance to the rear. Likewise one to the fore leg. Then the noose is taken off to allow him free breathing, the huntsmen jump off and the pig gets to his feet, champing and grunting his fury. Pigs, like water buffalo, have no cooling system of their own and if they become overheated they die. This fellow was run hard and although he was doused with water as soon as possible he died the next day. So we still have no pig for a barbeque; for the wild pig must be penned up and fed like a domestic pig for several weeks or his meat will be too strong to eat.

A word about the pig pack, of which "Jack" is the star performer. His breeding is somewhat uncertain because we got him from the pound but he looks predominately pit bull. He has many scars from the tusks of wild pig and today added a long gash down his neck and on his side. The rest of the pack are locally known as "pot-likker" hounds; i. e. "jess houn' daugs". Mostly they are black and tan, slender, long eared with long, thin stems carried low. They need good noses, though not

the superlative scenting ability of the fox hound, the ability to be nimble in dense covert and fighting instinct. Their voices are deep and each quite different. One or two other members of the pack came from the pound also, and look it, but they possess the qualities their work calls for.

After all had viewed the catch the M. F. H. presented the colors of the hunt to three of the teen-age—and almost teen-age—members, all of whom ride right along with the rest of the field. Today four spills and three hounds injured.

Sunday, Nov. 30th

Pig hunt. Field of sixty hacked out six miles to meet the hounds at daybreak. 4 couples including "Jack" who had been stitched together again. The pack was cast and soon got up a sow who was brought to bay after a short chase and soon tied up. The huntsmen think she will survive to be fattened and barbequed! The pack was cast again for her mate and presently a good chase was on. The boar came to bay in a thicket from which emanated a spine-tingling rumpus. Part of the field was dismounting when there was a shout as the boar broke and charged straight through the field, slashing right and left and passing under the bellies of two of the horses to disappear over the hill, hounds streaming after and leaving a milling and snorting melee. By great good fortune not a horse nor rider had even been grazed by those long, yellow tusks as they whipped past. Some of the field collected themselves and went pounding on the heels of the pack and master to see the boar—as vicious a fellow as we've seen and a little under 300

pounds—come to bay in fairly open ground and put up a real fight. "Jack" again was the first to get enough of a hold so that the huntsmen could rope and tie the pig. When it was accomplished it looked as though "Jack" had lost an eye and part of cheek and neck. But after a day in the hospital the veterinarian has been able to stitch up. In the excitement some of the horses had lost their manners and as we were dismounting a random kick landed smartly on the master's knee. The injury was very painful but fortunately will not prove permanent. He was unable to ride and a "jeep" was sent out after him while the field hacked in and the hounds trotted back to the van. In the meantime the boar had managed to break one rope. The master and huntsmen decided to try dropping a noose on him from the safety of the "jeep". But the moment it moved toward him he charged, breaking the remaining ropes like twine and hitting the "jeep" a shuddering blow. Then off he went, grunting into the thick- et. Oh well.—Mrs. Edgar C. Doleman.

Continued on Page Six

Hodgin and Gilliam

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Hunter Trial Calendar

FEBRUARY

23—Camden Hunter Trials, Camden, S. C.

Horse Show Calendar

FEBRUARY

20-21—The Virginians' Horse Show, Camden, S. C.

The Horseman's News

Royal Business Makes Record At Charles Town

Eastern-Bred Horses Garner \$8,475 With Bud Lerner Head Of Sires

With the fate of Santa Anita's rich stakes hanging in balance, and the hopes of many owners and trainers placed in the final settlement of whether or no the track will open, the east's only open meet at this time of the season comes to a close at Charles Town on Dec. 20.

Two Eastern-bred winners at the July meet at Charles Town gained further honors on December 10. Capt. E. Johnston's **Royal Business**, a 6-year-old daughter of **Sun Meadow—Pretty Business** who has placed in 13 out of 19 starts thus far, clipped 2-5 of a second off of **Easter Holiday's** 1939 record for 1 1-8 miles for a new one of 1:52.

In the following 1 9-16 mi., 3 and up, cl., D. H. Tabler's **Allen Caid** also lowered **Fandan's** 1940 record by 2-5 of a second to establish a new one of 2:40. The 6-year-old son of **Caid—Alta III** has started 20 times in allowances and in competition with platers and was unplaced in only 5.

Monies won by Eastern-breds for the week of Dec. 10-16 totalled \$8,475, of which amount 12 Virginia-breds accounted for \$4,825; 5 Maryland-breds, \$2,000, and Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut and Pennsylvania 1 winner each, \$1,650. **Bud Lerner** was given a boost to the top as the outstanding sire as 3 of his progeny were winners.

BLenheim (Va.) Court Blenheim, 3, b. c. (Six Boats, by Diavolo), CT., Dec. 12, 1 9-16 mi., 3 & up, cl., 2:41 3-5	\$ 425
Blenthel, 4, b. f. (Ethel J. II, by Bachelor's Double), CT., Dec. 16, 1 1/2 mi., 3 & up, cl., 1:58 4-5	\$ 425
BRANDON MINT (Va.) Marandan, 4, ch. f. (Knicks, by "Wrack"), CT., Dec. 13, 6 1/2 f., 3 & up, cl., 1:22 3-5	\$ 425
Bud Lerner (Md.) Bob Junior, 3, b. g. (Tsuga, by Paragon II), CT., Dec. 13, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, cl., 1:51 2-5	\$ 350
High Bud, 4, b. c. (Highkluna, by High Cloud), CT., Dec. 10, 6 f., 3 & up, cl., 1:15	\$ 425
Streamar, 4, ch. f. (Macron, by Penant), CT., Dec. 12, 6 f., 3 & up, cl., 1:15 2-5	\$ 425
Chatabit, 3, ch. m. (Chatelet, by Chatterton), Ha., Dec. 13, 5 1/2 f., 3 & up, cl., 1:09 2-5	\$ 200
CAID (Va.) Allen Caid, 6, ch. g. (Alta III, by Allenby), CT., Dec. 10, 1 9-16 mi., 3 & up, cl., 2:40 (new track record)	\$ 425
DR. FREELAND (Va.) Osofree, 4, ch. f. (Old South, by General Lee), CT., Dec. 10, 6 1/2 f., 3 & up, cl., 1:21 2-5	\$ 350
ESPINO (Va.) Randle's Queen, 4, b. f. (Glorify, by Sun Flag), CT., Dec. 11, 6 1/2 f., 3 & up, cl., 1:19 4-5	\$ 425
FLA POLE (Va.) Redeem, 3, ch. g. (Luna Mica, by High Cloud), AgC., Dec. 14, 6 f., 3 & up, cl., 1:14	\$ 350
GRANDACE (Mass.) Tiny Tim, 4, ch. g. (Mary's Party, by Flight of Time), AgC., Dec. 14, 2 mi., 3 & up, "cap., 3:35	\$ 625
GRAND TIME (Va.) Here Goes, 4, b. g. (Dunclad, by Dunlin), CT., Dec. 11, 7 f., 3 & up, allow., 1:23 4-5	\$ 600
LADKIN (Va.) Palkin, 5, ch. m. (Palmyra, by Campfire), CT., Dec. 10, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, cl., 1:47	\$ 425
MUD (Pa.) Mudsill, 7, br. m. (Widow's Walk, by Sea Rock), Ha., Dec. 14, 6 f., 3 & up, cl., 1:15 3-5	\$ 200
OKAPI (Va.) Kap's Answer, 4, br. g. (Dusty Answer, by Tryster), AgC., Dec. 14, 6 f., 3 & up, cl., 1:13 1-5	\$ 350

PLAYTIME (Conn.) Aldridge, 4, b. g. (Another Day, by Serapis), CT., Dec. 13, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, allow., 1:50 4-5	\$ 700
ROSEMONT (Va.) Suprose, 2, b. f. (Supremist, by Supremus), AgC., Dec. 14, 6 f., 2-yr-olds, cl., 1:13 3-5	\$ 350
SUN MEADOW (Va.) Royal Business, 6, b. m. (Pretty Business, by "Spanish Prince II), CT., Dec. 10, 1 1/2 mi., 3 & up, "cap. 1:52 (new track record)	\$ 700
SWASHBUCKLER (Md.) Becomly, 3, b. f. (Becuma, by Achtoi), CT., Dec. 15, 6 f., 3 & up, allow., 1:18 1-5	\$ 525
TOURNAMENT II (N. J.) Jimmy H., 10, gr. g. (Mabel Date, by Ormondale), Ha., Dec. 16, 6 f., 3 & up, cl., 1:16 3-5	\$ 125
VALOROUS (Va.) College Widow, 2, ch. f. (Peggy Porter, by The Porter), CT., Dec. 11, 6 f., 2-yr-olds, cl., 1:16 4-5	\$ 350
WAR HERO (Md.) Lady Jaffa, 3, b. f. (Jaffa, by Bucellas), CT., Dec. 15, 6 1/2 f., 3-yr-olds, cl., 1:22 3-5	\$ 425

Speculate Leads

Continued from Page One

to reach the high level of 1940. Quite probably this condition can be explained by the unusually dry season which resulted in hard, baked-out turf, especially toward the latter part of the season.

"The fall of 1941 saw Aqueduct again in the ranks of the tracks which provide steeplechase and hurdle racing. The sport there had been temporarily discontinued in 1940, due to reconstruction of the track and the completion of new steeplechase and hurdle courses. A sprinkling system was installed which met with the heartiest approval of the horsemen."

To **Speculate** will go the award for the leading money winning steeplechaser of 1941, a medallion sculptured by Prvt. Gurdon Woods, U. S. Army and presented by The Chronicle. The leading hunt meeting money winning steeplechaser award will go to Carroll K. Bassett's **Imp. Corrigan**, winner in all of \$10,831, including his big track accomplishments, which placed him 4th in money standing to **Speculate**.

Corrigan's convincing hunt meeting triumphs were in The National Cup at Fair Hill, Md., and The Noel Laing Steeplechase Handicap, at Montpelier, Va. This Irishman, son of **Knight of Kilcash** won \$2,890 in The National Cup. He won \$5,110 in taking down The Manly Memorial at Pimlico for his 2nd big track win this year. He wound up his season successfully at Montpelier, again running against **Parma**, owned by Richard V. N. Gambrell, who had chased Mr. Bassett's color-bearer in both The National Cup and The Manly Memorial.

Certificates, bearing a printed reproduction of the Gurdon Woods medallion will be presented by The Chronicle to the following leaders in 1941 steeplechasing:

Leading Steeplechase Trainer: **Arthur White**. He had continued success with Mrs. White's **Bay Dean**, led all trainers from the standpoint of money won. Fifteen of his charges reported to the winner's circle with \$28,735. W. Passmore, who handled **Speculate**, was 2nd with 7 wins and \$25,300.

Leading Trainer At The Hunt Meetings: **James E. Ryan**. He had the outstanding total of 32 winning races. **William G. Jones**, who handled **Corrigan**, was 2nd with 17.

Leading Amateur Rider: **Mr. John Bosley, III**, with 8 races. **Mr. George H. Bostwick** was 2nd with 7 races, with 3 other flat wins, bringing his

total to 10.

Leading Professional Rider: **Jockey J. Magee**, with 14 races. **Jockey Magee** also rode 6 flat winners, bringing his total to 20 races. **Jockey H. Cruz** was 2nd in line, 12 races over fences, also 3 on the flat.

At the big tracks in 1941, \$252,565 was the total distribution for steeplechasing, against \$238,560 in 1940. The 23 hunt meetings had a total money distribution of \$77,343 in 1941, against \$73,857 in 1940.

The total money distributed therefore was \$329,908 against \$312,417 in 1940.

John Bosley, Jr.'s Flying Falcon, with 6 winning efforts over brush, at the 1/2 millers and at the big tracks, led all horses in number of races won. **Mr. Bostwick's Arms of War**, with 5, all hurdle races, tied with **Bay Dean** and **George Casaler's War Port** for this runner-up honor.

A total of 519 horses started in 273 races. There were 319 horses sharing in the distribution of money or plate.

A total of 300 owners participated at the various race meetings of which 184 shared in the money distribution.

The Chronicle will carry a complete summarization of the money-winning stables and the horses they raced in 1941 in the next issue. This material will be reproduced from the N. S. H. A. report.

	1941	1940
Belmont Park	\$ 87,025	\$ 85,370
Pimlico	34,670	38,920
Delaware Park	34,250	35,000
Saratoga	30,575	35,175
Aqueduct	28,105	28,105
Laurel	26,240	27,895
Bel Air	6,100	6,000
Timonium	3,600	5,200
Cumberland	2,000	5,000
Total	\$252,565	\$238,560

	1941	1940
Total amount of money distributed for steeplechase and flat racing at the Hunt Meetings	\$14,590	\$10,660
United Hunts	\$14,590	\$10,660

Rolling Rock	8,615	8,835
Middleburg	6,500	5,275
Foxcatcher Hounds	6,223	6,407
Essex Fox Hounds	5,375	6,355
Rose Tree	4,130	4,590
Sandhills	3,550	2,875
Radnor Hunt	3,505	3,210
Montpelier	3,320	2,960
Alken	3,180	2,960
Deep Run	2,995	2,900
Monmouth	2,970	3,030
Carolina Cup	2,760	2,550
Meadow Brook	2,730	2,560
Huntingdon Valley	2,125	1,550
Virginia Gold Cup	1,850	*3,300
Bloomfield-Grosse Pointe-Metamora	*1,325	515
Whitemarsh Valley	1,000	1,025
Pickering Hunt	600	425
West Hills		2,185
My Lady's Manor (plate)		(plate)
Maryland Grand National (plate)		(plate)
Maryland Hunt Cup (plate)		(plate)

Total \$ 77,343 \$ 73,857
Total Money Distributed \$329,908 \$312,417
Note: The above figures only include plate of the value of \$100 or upwards, and represent gross values.

** Does not include total of three flat races run under Jockey Club rules on Election Day.
* Includes value of Challenge Cup won outright.

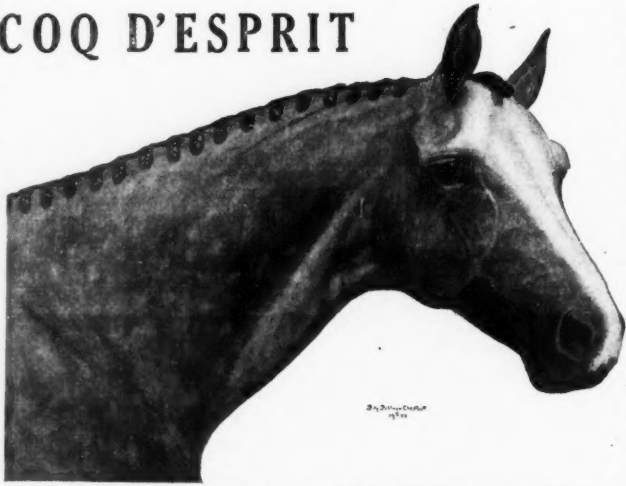
LEADING TRAINERS	No. of Races Won	Amt. Won
White, Arthur	15	\$28,735
Passmore, William	7	25,300
Bostwick, G. H.	13	23,765
Jones, William G.	17	23,211
Dubasoff, Oleg T.	8	22,025
Ryan, James E.	32	21,322
Skinner, J. T.	11	16,545
Gaither, H. Granger	11	16,240
Woolfe, R. G.	11	14,798
Byers, J. Dallet	6	12,125
Mills, Larry	3	10,860
Green, Peter	5	10,225

LEADING TRAINERS	(Number of Races Won)
Ryan, James E.	32
Jones, William G.	17
White, Arthur	15
Bostwick, G. H.	13
Dixon, Morris H.	13
Gaither, H. Granger	11
Skinner, J. T.	11
Woolfe, R. G.	11
Bosley, Jr., John	8
Dubasoff, Oleg T.	8
Passmore, William	7
Byers, J. Dallet	6
Cheston, E. M.	6

LEADING RIDERS	(Number of Races Won)	Jumps	Flat	Total
Magee, J.	14	6	20	
Cruz, H.	12	3	15	
Bellhouse, F.	13	-	13	
Roby, T.	12	1	13	
Clemens, H. W.	10	2	12	
Brooks, C.	11	-	11	
Bostwick, Mr. G. H.	7	3	10	
Roberts, E.	8	1	9	
Slate, F.	7	2	9	
Bosley, 3rd, Mr. J.	8	-	8	
King, W.	6	1	7	
Dixon, Jr., Mr. R. P.	4	3	6	
Hamilton, Mr. M. H.	4	2	6	
Helicus, O.	6	-	6	
Jennings, E.	5	1	6	
Penrod, J.	6	-	6	
Smith, L.	5	1	6	

Merry Christmas and Seasons Greetings from

COQ D'ESPRIT



COQ D'ESPRIT, grey, 1934, by ***COQ GAULOIS—DULCY**, by ***LIGHT BRIGADE**, is a magnificent individual, standing 16.3, measures 79 inches around the girth, 9 1/2" below the knee and weighs 1,475 pounds. Combining, as he does, the jumping qualities of ***COQ GAULOIS** and ***LIGHT BRIGADE**, and being a brilliant jumper himself, he should prove a most outstanding sire of jumpers.

His only colt to start was a winner this year as a two-year-old.

AT STUD, CLIFTON FARM, BERRYVILLE, VA.

Fee \$100—Return Privilege

DR. L. M. ALLEN, WINCHESTER, VA.

Thoroughbreds By Salvator

Continued from Page One

it is desired to sell without doing so via the claiming route.

When a horse, otherwise with no pretensions to class or interest, is entered in a \$100,000 race, the mere fact in itself causes many men to imagine that there must be more behind him than appears upon the surface.

"Here's a sleeper!" they say to themselves or their intimates. "He must have something that his card don't show. He's been kept under cover and manipulated to make a killing with. Better keep an eye on him and look him up."

If, when he is looked up, there is a little group of interested propagandists ready to tell the enquirer—strictly on the q-t—that here's a wonderful steed that they've been carrying along for two seasons getting ready to go to town with in the biggest sort of a way, the game often works.

Many a "sleeper" of that sort has been unloaded upon some party with more money than percipience, in that or a similar way.

Then there are the many turfmen who are believers in the possibility of miracles occurring. They have steeds of the type known technically as "foolers." They possess no real class, but can often show something startling. Leading to the idea that if things "break right" they can be made the medium for bringing off sensational coups. They are entered under the illusion that the lightning is going to strike where they are stabled. That it don't once in a thousand times, makes no difference.

Still again, there are the sad and pensive one-time cracks from which, like Ichabod, the glory has departed. They are always present in numbers.

They used to tell a story of a steed that in his salad days won one of the great English handicaps. It was a chance win, too, rather than one in which class prevailed. He had never won a race of any real importance before—and he never did again.

Every season there after, for 6 consecutive years, his name nevertheless appeared in the entry-list to that particular event.

Almost every season, also, he went to the post—to finish down the course.

Finally, one spring the nominations came out and his name was missing!

It had become such a fixture that at once its absence was noticed and became the subject of comment. "Fans" wrote to editors wanting to know about him and asking what was the matter with the perennial candidate?

An inquiry was set afoot and it was learned that his owner, the man whom he had originally won the stake for, had died. The ancient gelding was his only asset of any value. So he was put up for public sale and bought by a peddler. Price, about the equivalent of \$12.50.

The identity of the buyer was, however, unknown and so when he led him away the much-entered steed passed out of turf history. It is probable that on the day the stake was decided, he was pulling a cart over the London cobblestones.

But it would be pretty safe to say—or, indeed, to gamble—that had his former owner still been on earth, his name would have once more ap-

WYTHEMORE HOUNDS

Long Green P. O.,
Long Green,
Maryland.
Established 1933.
Registered 1940.



Maryland's Thanksgiving day was Nov. 20th. and at 10:00 about 150 people gathered directly opposite the club house at Trinity P. E. Church, (a structure more than a century old) and in this church, the Reverend Guy E. Kagey, held services for the members of the Wythemore Hounds, immediately followed by an old fashioned English hound blessing service in the church yard.

While the old Elkridge, and later the Elkridge-Harford Hunt Clubs have hunted in and around this old church property, the clubs were not situated in its parish, consequently, this is the first time in the history of this very old parish, that a club was in its parish and the first time it has held such services on Thanksgiving morning.

It was a bright sunshiney morning and those of us riding thought there would be little likelihood of a run—it was so hot and dry. The meet started immediately after the services, at about 11 o'clock. The first covert was in the woods behind the club house, which proved to be a blank. The hounds were taken up and cast again in the covert behind Notchcliff, the rest house of the Sisters of Mercy. Almost immediately, several hounds opened up, the entire pack joining and away for a run across the tower line and into the woods past Gittings Station. There the hounds made a loss and a check of about ten minutes when suddenly a fox was viewed at the edge of the woods and again the run continued. At about the same time, the field viewed another fox but the hounds kept true to the line of the first one, carrying the field through a number of post and rail panels out to a pasture field on the other side of the Baldwin Road where again the hounds made a loss. The run lasted approximately three quarters of an hour, hard going and in places, rough going, and at this check practically the entire field, with the exception of the youngsters, was willing to call it a day. We hacked slowly back to the club house for refreshments and while there listened to the announcer over the radio tell us the official temperature was 78 degrees.

There were thirty-six riders in the field, the first flight being led by our new joint masters: Mr. William R. German—Mr. H. Courtenay Jenifer, Jr., being master of the second flight. Among those riding were—H. Courtenay Jenifer, Sr., Robert H. Merrick, Hugo R. Hoffmann, Alfred Smithwick and his two sons, Pat and Mike; Mrs. Wade Levering, William A. Sehlhorst and his daughter Nancy, John T. Sadler and his two children, Kitty and Jack, David Ridgely, C. R. Mason, Mrs. Victor P. Noyes and her two children, Margaret and Helen and two guests, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Amoss, Hugh Wiley, McCord Sollenberger, Harriet Stokes, Sylvia Boas, Catherine Bosley, J. A. Seymour, Norman Sipe, Charles G. Lang, Jr., Carl Hoffmann and several other guests. Photographs kindly sent The Chronicle by Miss Peggy Darsie of the Thanksgiving Day hunt are on Page 14.—W. A. S.

peared upon the entry list; he would on race-day; and as the winner dashed past the post, have been seen, by the aid of a strong glass, somewhere down the dim vista of the stretch.

For of such is the kingdom of the turf!



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Beagles

By EDWARD M. WARD, JR.



Muffin Hounds Seriously Hinder Ability Of Active Members At Breakfast

The problem of how to give a tea after an afternoon's Beagling without being overrun with "muffin hounds" who bring their entire family for a free drink is becoming serious. Last Sunday a prominent member of the Buckram gave a tea which was put on the fixture card. Sixty people actually followed hounds from the meet but nearly a hundred crowded into the house, starting long before hounds and the field had returned from a very good day's sport. One new subscriber, without having been to the meet, brought his wife, father and mother. Consequently those who desired a warming cup of tea were forced to wait quite a while.

It is a pity that it has been found impossible to hold the annual New York Hound Show this year. A vote of the show committee was taken and a great majority thought it better not. If English and American Hounds (and Free French Bassets) can not have their fun, I think all Japanese spaniels, Italian Greyhounds and German dogs ought to be barred from A. K. C. shows.

In reading the first two volumes of J. Blau Van Urk's the Story of American Foxhunting, I have found a great many references to the Beagle. Mr. Van Urk mentions that in 1526 James 5th and his daughter, Mary Queen of Scots kept "blud hounds" for hunting "hayr" on horseback. These "hounds" might easily have been the Beagles of that day. It must be remembered that noblemen didn't do much walking in those days so the fact that they were mounted did not necessarily

Vernon-Somerset Beagles Provide 50 Minute Run

Mr. R. V. N. Gambrell's Vernon Somerset Beagles gave their followers another day of grand sport on Sunday, Dec. 7th, by accounting for a hare after a stiff fifty minute run. The meet was at "Shale" the home of the H. Rivington Pyne, at 2:30.

The weather was very cold with a high wind, and for a while it looked as if no hare intended to venture out. Then, a little after three, a big European hare got up in a ploughed field on the farm, recently purchased by Fred Crego, across the road from the Burnt Mills Polo Club, and went away very fast, crossing that road, and on for half a mile before making a big circle south of the Tilney's to recross the Polo Club road and a dirt road. She passed the field where she had been found, and went on through Harold Tappins' place and on down to Mr. Pyne's drive before hounds checked for the first time. This was a two mile point, almost a perfect circle, and several times the hare was in full view.

The check lasted only a few minutes, then the hard working, keen little hounds found their line again and followed it down to the Raritar River back of John Kean's house—not so fast now,—because their hare was getting tired. She squatted twice, but in each instance hounds were right on her, to force her on, so these were not checks, but only pauses. Leaving the river, the hare turned south, squatting frequently, but hounds worked steadily, and with great keenness and determination, and finally caught her in the open back of Wesley Trimp's. The Master gave the mask to Miss Peggy Wempel, of Somerville, N. J., who is an ardent beagler, an excellent runner, and always in at the finish.

After the kill, hounds hunted back toward Pluckemin, without success, and the Master called it a day at quarter of five, as it was getting dark and the temperature was falling rapidly. Tea was ready for the tired beaglers at the Pyne's, but the usual gaiety was somewhat lacking, as, when the field returned, they learned of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.—Contributed.

mean that the hounds were large.

A little further on he mentions Sir Thomas Cockaine's "A short treatise of hunting, compiled for the delight of Noblemen and Gentlemen" (1591) which refers to the "Kibble" hound, a mixture of the Beagle and old English hound, which "occasionally" hunted fox.

Still later he refers to "Country Contentments, or the Husbandmen's Recreations" by Captain Gervase Markham (1611) in which hounds are divided into four groups, the smallest being "the little Beagle, which may be carried in a man's glove."

Almost everyone must have read about Sir Roger de Coverley's "stop" hounds. These hounds were permitted to hunt their hare until she was very tired at which time the huntsman would throw down his pole in front of the pack. Hounds apparently stopped hunting at this and waited while the huntsman went forward to pick up the exhausted hare which he later released in Sir Roger's orchard where a number of others were kept. Either the hares were not so stout or the huntsman was a better runner than in present times because it would take a good man to catch one of our modern hares.

ORANGE COUNTY HUNT CLUB

The Plains, Virginia.
Established 1903.
Recognized 1903.



Saturday, Dec. 6

"Hounds hunted here, they hunted there; Hounds hunted everywhere", yet try as they did, it was all but a blank day for Orange County diary-keepers. In the beginning Huntsman Leach had his pack strung out through the open, hunting like bird dogs they were, so keen and energetic. At the end of 4 1-2 hours, with but one fox providing a holding scent for 2 fields, the same pack stubbornly continued but with an obvious what's the use attitude.

Drawing the way Huntsman Leach did, and at the rate he kept it up, followers, numbering some 50, must have averaged very near 6 miles per hour, it was deduced. All the way from Meetze's to Marshall and back to the Brent woods hounds hunted. There was jumping a-plenty. Mr. Harper waited not at all for a bar to be lowered the entire day, so at least, for those who hunt to jump, there were over a hundred fences to leap, but slowly and wait for your turn style it was, that tried the manners of many a horse.

One fox was viewed. He made a grand show, skirting through the edge of the covert from whence he was roused, making along a fence line. Hounds were put right on his tracks—took yards and yards before they could even make it out, and then in 2 fields they lost it, the other side of a trickling branch.

Many friends of Mrs. Laurens M. Hamilton, whose "Byrnelly" is in the heart of the Orange County Country, were delighted to see her out hill-topping, on her veteran polo-pony-hunter Red Cap. She is following the advice of Mr. Harper and others: "Take it easy, it takes time to get fit again", despite the tantalizing temptation of jumping and hunting; and has been hill topping regularly since November. It may be recalled

LOUDOUN HUNT CLUB

Leesburg, Virginia.
Established 1928.
Recognized 1929.



Saturday, Dec. 6.

When Middleburg and Orange County Hounds had foxes up and couldn't run them for want of scent, scenting conditions were far better on the other side of the Institute Mountain, in the Leesburg Hunt country. Loudoun Hounds had one of its best runs of the season to date, last Saturday, when the meet was at Virts Corner and a fox was run for some hour and 3-4's and over 8 miles of ground was covered.

The fox was jumped at Meadowbrook and the run took the field to Anthony's, across Arthur Fulton's to Frank Saunders' place, through Preston Fleming's to H. C. Stower's and Dr. J. A. Gibson's, where they circled back to Meadowbrook and finally denned on the Hawling farm.

Among the followers were Judge J. R. H. Alexander, joint-Master, 1936 and John F. Kincaid, joint-Master, 1941, Anna Hedrick, honorary-Whipper-in, Charley Castleman, Frederick Malone, Sterling Harrison, Arthur H. Fulton III and Clifton Leith, whipper-in.—Contributed.

she took a smasher with this pack less than a year ago—has been busy convalescing since.

It was hard on visitor Diana Drury, guest of Bubby Bliss, house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Harper, for it was her last hunt in the "States" before returning to Montreal, after a fortnight visit with her brother, Maj. Charles Drury, assistant-military-attache at the Canadian Embassy in Washington.

Continued on Page Twelve

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STEEPLECHASING IN ENGLAND



When the National Hunt Racing season opened in England, TWEEDLEDEE II, son of IMP. TWINK, an American-bred, won the Ruddington Steeplechase for Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott. TWEEDLEDEE II, left, a training charge of Reginald Hobbs, is pictured taking the open ditch with Mr. Spiers' DECORATED. Our British 'chasing-riding brethren, quick to look down their noses at American sport and style, can well be said to be high-handed at this juncture. Racing is carrying on in England though; fields were large on the opening day, there were some 130 runners.

----Sport & General, Ltd., London

THANKSGIVING DAY WITH THE GREEN SPRING VALLEY



The brush of Charles Baskerville depicts this meeting at St. John's Parish Church, Glyndon, Md. of the famous Maryland pack of which Stuart S. Janney, Jr. and George G. Carey are joint masters. This scene is a pleasant deviation from Mr. Baskerville's usual life of portraits and murals and the painter has very skilfully placed his emphasis on the meeting place and the countryside which is so essentially foxhunting rather than the horses themselves and their riders who but provide the color for the pageant of the hunt.

FOLLOWERS OF THE ESSEX



Regulars with Essex Fox Hounds, of which Anderson Fowler, Jr., is the hunting-master a e l. to r.: Mrs. Scriven Lorillard, Mrs. W. W. Trimpi, Mrs. Kenneth E. Schley; Mr. Schley, joint-master; Mrs. Lester Perrin, Mrs. Charles Scribner and Mrs. E. W. Clucas.

----Freudy Photo



"VELVET, DAD, PURE VELVET"

A lad of 5, back in 1865, William Austin Myers stood wide-eyed in Dwight, Ill., as the train bearing Abraham Lincoln's body to the scene of its last resting place chugged through. He grew up in Streator, Ill. From 21 to almost 33 he was a pugilist, known as "The Cyclone" or "The Farmer". He fought Jack McAuliffe to a draw for the world championship at 133 lbs., and a purse of some \$20,000. Today at 82, the track superintendent at Tropical Park, Coral Gables, Fla., where racing commences this Saturday, he has fashioned one of the fastest strips in the country; safe, with consistent texture, the galloping boys and jockeys praise it with "Velvet, Dad, pure velvet". He is an old hand at superintending tracks; he remodeled the now-forgotten Harlem track, in Illinois; also Hawthorne, Rockingham, Fort Erie, Hot Springs, Ark., Ideal Park at Milwaukee, Wisc.; the old Fair Grounds at New Orleans; Washington and Arlington Parks in Chicago, numerous others, including Harry Sinclair's private track near Jobstown, N. J., before taking on Tropical 4 years ago. Saratoga's track, is said, to be very often spoken as a "monument to Dad Myers". He is a genius at inventing gadgets to do special harrowing and working of track soil, to say nothing of watering.

AMERICAN QUARTER HORSE

Descendants of the early colonial quarter race horses, who in turn came from the race horses found in England before 1860, not influenced by the famous Arabians, THE DARLEY and THE GODOLPHIN, the Western American quarter horse is possibly the fastest of equine weight carriers for 440 yards. This old type race horse, characterized by low set, thick, powerfully muscled bodies, with great weight for height (15.0 hands, 1,200 lbs.,) have extraordinary acceleration for 1/4 mile, but no farther. E. J. Husted, wintering near Tucson, Ariz., forwarded the above photograph of a typical quarter horse, belonging to one of his neighbors. These horses can do 1/4 mile in around 22 flat; the record in Arizona, where they race for \$1,000 to \$5,000 side bets, is 21-2/5, Mr. Husted reports.



Notes From Great Britain

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

Jockey Club Decision On Flat Racing In England Not What Many Imagined

The Jockey Club decision that all flat racing engagements for 1942 should be cancelled does not mean what it appears to do at first sight, and what many have imagined. It simply signifies that the Jockey Club will (as this year) arrange the big events of the coming season at such tracks and on such dates as seem to the Govt. and themselves most suitable. Thus, unless we have peace before then, the Derby will not be at Epsom, The St. Leger at Doncaster, or other events on their accustomed courses.

Lord Ilchester, who is Steward of the Jockey Club, has made a move which may have considerable effect upon the future of racing, not only in war time, but permanently. He has been instrumental in getting a small committee appointed to consider the whole future of racing "and in particular with reference to the encouragement of owners and the greater comfort of the public." In both respects we are far behind America. Lord Ilchester is not much known by name or in person to the generality of racing folk, yet he is a live wire, and has been reared in a turf atmosphere, for his father was as keen as mustard. If his lordship has not been either a spectacular, or what is known as 'a popular' man on the Turf, he has always had the interests of the sport at heart and has a thorough grasp of it from every angle. The word 'popular' is applied to those in high turf places, is difficult to define.

Prominent owners whose horses win big races with animals well backed by the public, are 'popular'. Those of aristocratic birth who spend much of their lives on racecourses and who are always ready to exchange a joke or give a tip to Tom, Dick and Harry in the paddock, are 'popular'. But it is not given to all men to have this free and easy manner with comparative strangers, and to be ready to be pleasant and long-suffering with all manner of folk who approach them.

Lord Ilchester is inclined to be of a retiring nature and does not put in an appearance at race meetings all over the country as do Lords Roseberry, Derby, Zetland, Hamilton of Dalzell, Harewood and others. It is known that the committee will do their utmost to arrange an even more extensive programme of racing for next season. This is in the interests of the troops and the public as well as that of the great turf industry. As to reforms those which strike me as most likely to be discussed are:

Revision of the sentences of the Jockey Club upon offenders so that those 'warned off', or 'deprived' of their licenses, may know definitely the duration of their punishment.

Re-arrangement of racing programmes so that when dates are not of material local importance, meetings in the same area may follow each other (as on the Scottish circuit), thus avoiding much waste of time and money in travelling.

Examination of the overhead

charges imposed on race executives, which have made compulsory increase in charges of admission. These charges will be almost prohibitive after the war and will militate against the continuance of many meetings. Overhead charges have for years been increasing with the appointment of new Jockey Club officials, the provision of free stabling for horses, lodging for lads, luncheons and teas for owners, trainers and their wives, competition in stake money offered, and in many other directions.

How greater comfort can be provided for those in the cheap enclosures if executives are compelled to reduce charges. Such consideration for "two bob" sportsmen is a crying necessity on almost every racecourse; yet after the peace celebrations boom meetings, it is certain that racing, like hunting, will feel the pinch for many years.

The possibility of reducing the expenses of owners of racehorses, who, in many cases, are called upon to pay more than £25 for each runner, this amount including entry and jockey fee, travel and proportion of trainer's disbursements. The stake run for may be £100 only so that, in turf parlance, the bet is a bad one for all but one owner and unless he backs his horse, not much return comes to him.

Another matter which may be discussed is the lack of opportunities given to 90 percent of the boys apprenticed as jockeys. It is desirable in the interests of the lads and the future supply of jockeys, that all apprentices should have full chance of gaining experience in public and of showing what their abilities are.

Some trainers would like to see a reform regarding their fees so that these might be collected (as in the case of jockeys) by Messrs Weatherby as Jockey Club agents. Many trainers have great difficulty in obtaining settlement of their accounts, and more than one has been financially embarrassed by patrons failing to refund even out of pocket expenses, let alone training fees. The difficulty here is that whereas jockey fees are standardised, those of trainers vary considerably from 30-s to £5 or £6 a week, even to their own patrons.

These are some of the long overdue reforms some of which, however, will be influenced by the vicious circle of money, which, after the war, will for a generation be scarce. Already some new rich are coming into the game and there will certainly be others when hostilities cease. They will be in the minority, and there is not the least doubt that race executives by money shortage will be handicapped in carrying out any schemes for improvement, provision of additional comforts, reduced charges of admission and to owners for entries, and increasing added stake money.

I have been much interested in the annual report of the Master of the Newcastle-on-Tyne and District Beagles. It is one of the few public statements which have been made during the war as to why and how packs of hounds are continuing under present conditions. Says the Master:

"In spite of all difficulties, it was found possible to hunt in a modest way during last season. This was due to the assistance of farmers over whose land the pack could hunt. A small pack of seven couples is being maintained. Their food is almost entirely refuse meat and vegetables.

It is hoped to hunt on Saturday afternoons in the same manner as last season with the small young pack now available. It was encouraging to see so many country supporters at meets and to have practical help in whipping-in from young members. Many of the hunt's service members, when on leave, paid visits to the kennels and the field, and their appearance justifies the efforts made to maintain the pack. Expenses have been reduced to an absolute minimum."

The financial statement shows that wages, rent, insurance, coal, hound food and kennel expenses totalled only about £130. Some small packs not faced with kennel rent and rates, are able to carry on with an outlay not much more than half of this.

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The Chronicle

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THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show and the Hunting Field. The views expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of THE CHRONICLE.

Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Middleburg, Virginia.

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Editorials

LEADING 'CHASING TRAINER FOR 1941

In trying times like these when every kind of a problem presents itself about what to do and where to go to do a job in the war, it is a relief to turn the page for a minute to jobs that have been well done in the sporting world in 1941 where first on the list of the compilation of leading trainers made by the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association is that of Arthur White of Middleburg who was the largest money winning trainer of jumping horses for the year.

Mr. White had four winning horses in training this year. Bay Dean who won \$15,845; Buck Langhorne, \$4,250; Fay Cottage, \$3,310, and Fatty, \$2,275. These horses won \$28,735 and his nearest rival was W. Passmore who secured the big \$15,000 purse with Bayard Sharpe's Speculate and netted \$25,350 for the year. Training horses is a strange business and probably the best trainers will say it is the strangest because one year things seem to click and a man cannot lose and another year with the same methods and often the same horses, nothing goes right, but it still is only the top trainers who have the winning streaks when sound methods and a lot of hard work eventually get their own reward.

Because a lot of Arthur White's friends will be pleased with his success, including The Chronicle, it is really fun to be able to stop worrying about the war for a few minutes to review the work a man did to reach the top of his chosen game. Arthur White is a real horseman besides being a good trainer. He started showing and riding horses as a boy, went to Olympia with that good horse David Grey, and on down a list that is so long it will probably never be compiled. Arthur White's name has been linked with some of the finest hunters and jumpers who have ever been turned out of Virginia stables. It takes good horsemanship to make a good horse from the ground up and it takes even better horsemanship to make a horse that somebody else has spoiled, but Arthur White made one and he made another and he sold them and he was on his way. Anyone who has seen him ride will not forget it. There is a lot of people who have tried to copy his style of riding and a lot of people have not been able to do it. There is a story that has been told around Middleburg, that more boys have been spoiled as riding boys by trying to copy the technique Arthur White has in handling a horse than anything else. Having watched him for a good many years, it can be summed up as a way of being all about the horse all at once and all the time. Suffice to say that Arthur White horsemanship has been the making of some wonderful hunters.

During the depression he stuck it through, but hunters were hard to sell and by 1933 he had made up his mind that if he could make horses win races at hunt meetings, perform in show rings, go better to hounds than other people's, he could win on the big tracks. It has not been an easy pull, but he knew his game and he stuck to it through the thick and the thin of the depression years and if he did lose heart he never showed it. Horses are discouraging commodities. Even the finest kind of work won't keep them from going bad and jumpers are more discouraging than flat horses but if you know the game and Arthur does and have the courage and what is more important, the faith in yourself and your ability to keep trying, you have a combination that is hard to beat and impossible to keep down. Keeping faith he won his game. It's easier said than done.

jumps; he took old horses and kept them on their legs; he took young ones and taught them to jump. In short by sticking at a tough assignment and keeping faith he won his game. It's easier with himself.

Letters to the Editor

Hunt Servants Benefit

The Chronicle,
Middleburg, Virginia

Dear Sir:

I saw that you mentioned in The Chronicle that we were having a "cap" for the Hunt Servants Benefit Foundation. I am enclosing copy of letter which shows the results of same.

We simply asked everyone to bring at least \$1.00.

Mr. Joseph Jones,
Masters of Foxhounds Association,
53 State Street,
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Jones:

I am enclosing checks totaling \$132.00 received from a "cap" taken at the meet of the Quansett and Myopia Hounds, at Myopia, on Thanksgiving Day, for the benefit of the Hunt Servants Benefit Foundation.

Faithfully yours,

Bayard Tuckerman, Jr. M. F. H.

Youngest Of All

Warrenton, Va.,
"Dunnottar Farm"
Nov. 5, 1941.

Gentlemen:

Still a younger child! Barry Hamilton showing in both jumping and hack classes at the National Horse Show is 8-year-old. "Pickens" Hamilton showed when she was 5-years-old.

They are all going up tomorrow and the 5 pointies are leaving today. Best wishes,

M. N. Keith

(Editor's Note: Barry Hamilton, Jimmy Hamilton and their sister "Pickens" Hamilton captivated the Garden crowds. The Chronicle stated in advance of the show that Peter McIntosh, aged 12-years-old would be the youngest child rider to take part. Then came the correction of Lucy Shields, of Farmville, Va., that Gloria Galban, only 9-years-old was the youngest, and now the winner, we give you Master Hamilton, who with his youth and Jimmy Cricket "won" the National.)

Hounds On Deer

Minneapolis Athletic Club,
Minneapolis, Minn.
Dec. 8, 1941.

Gentlemen:

Comments of Mr. Ely on handling hounds in deer country are of the most interest to me personally, since being a subscriber, since I just am going through the same trouble, without any solution.

Imagine my chagrin when the article was suddenly cut off in the December 5 issue, just as the author was to tell me how to solve my greatest problem on hunting hounds.

Any other material or suggestions you have for deer-proofing foxhounds, or otherwise handling them in deer country, will be greatly appreciated.

Deer are becoming so thick just north of Minneapolis, they are becoming a traffic menace.

Incidentally, I have gotten 9 friends to subscribe to The Chronicle, since I started. Thank you,

Reginald Faragher.

(Editor's Note: Mr. Ely's notes did end rather suddenly last week, due

to our failure to put in a "To Be Continued" line. We trust that solution was satisfactorily handled as of the issue of December 12.)

Chicago's Show

Kirkwood, Mo.,
Dec. 8, 1941.

Dear Sir:

You should have been on in Chicago for the International Live Stock Exposition Horse Show. It was tops the best hunting and jumping classes I've seen in a long time, with all horses going well. There were 35 and upwards in a class.

I saw Dorothy Scott while I was there and being your Chicago correspondent, she said she was writing up the show.

Sincerely,

Margaret Kerckhoff.

Mailed On Friday

Longridge,
Lexington, Ky.
Dec. 12, 1941

Gentlemen:

My paper has not come on Sunday for 2 weeks. Please see that it is mailed promptly. Mrs. Maxwell writes accounts of our hunts. She is my daughter and we hunt every Wednesday and Saturday and have had a marvelous season so far this fall. (Iroquois Hunt).

With appreciation for such a splendid sporting periodical, I am with much respect,

Sincerely yours,

William V. Thraves.

(Editor's Note: The Chronicle is placed in the Post Office in Berryville, Va. every Thursday night.)

Sports Writers Attention

Twin Lakes Stud
Goldens Bridge, Farn, N. Y.
Dec. 15, 1941

Dear Sir:

I feel your editorial on "More Education in Jumping Horses" is one of the most constructive I have read in many a day. I hope that sports writers throughout the country who are interested in equestrian affairs will see it, as I am sure the soundness of your views would appeal to them.

I hope you will not drop this subject and that from time to time it will receive your further consideration.

Sincerely,

Sidney H. Scheuer

Lakemont Show

Lakemont Academy
Lakemont, N. Y.
December 13, 1941

Gentlemen:

The American Horse Shows Association, Inc., has issued a license for the holding of the Second Annual Lakemont Horse Show at Lakemont, New York, on May 30th, 1942.

We shall appreciate any assistance you may give us by including notice of this in your announcements and calendars for the coming year.

Sincerely yours,

Henry Gibbs Gilland
Headmaster

Equitation and Horsemanship

BY "PROCTOR KNOTT"

Team Classes Are Good Fun, Interesting To Spectators, Require Skill And Practice

We are wondering if it isn't just about time that someone gave team classes a little boost. Too often during the past season this has been the forgotten class of the show ring. If the schedule looked crowded, it was an easy class to drop out.

However, it seems a mistake, for there is real merit to pair and group classes, and they get the strongest audience support. The team equitation class at the recent National Horse Show was one of the most interesting classes offered, and at each of the three horse shows held since then the team class has been more than popular.

It is interesting to note what splendid progress Teddy Guessenhoven has made with his team of three riders and himself. After winning at the National, they followed up by taking the blue at Boulder Brook, and again last Saturday at the Brooklyn Horse Show. Here is a smart, mature and capable group riding four matched hunters, the three young ladies all students at the College of New Rochelle—Miss Elizabeth O'Connell, Miss Catherine Bourke, and Miss Penny McNabb.

Another team with a strong following is Frank Carroll's well-trained foursome, the three girls riding side-saddle, and they never fail to draw applause. Mr. Carroll holds the amazing record of having seven winning teams at the Garden. At the recent Greenwich show Theodore Wahl came to the fore with the two top teams, pushing the College of New Rochelle to third place. His winning team was one of hunter seat riders, Miss Pixie Meek, Miss Ethel Skakel, Miss Zella Kunhardt, and Miss Marietta Chapin, from Greenwich Academy, and his Rosemary Hall team placed second.

More pupils would no doubt go into these classes if they realized it is really good fun, and also fine practice for anyone interested in horse management rather than formal horsemanship. It is a case of how the horse is handled which counts, not how fine an animal one may happen to ride. Another thing that makes it interesting is that it is usually anybody's class, for one rider who is off can pull a whole team down, and a group of riders who perform well will win.

Among team classes the easiest one for the novice to start with is the pair class. Sometimes the show offers a family class, which allows for two riders or more—witness the large family classes of the Stewarts and Chases, veteran winners. However, a team of four is plenty large enough to worry along with. In pairs, two girls or two boys usually do better than a boy and a girl rider, though why we cannot attempt to say, but it is seldom that a mixed pair wins.

No one at the present time stands out as Miss Jean Girdler and Miss Frances Johnson did on their pair class work. Both now are off to

college, and leave a good field wide open.

It would be foolish to say that riders can get together at the last minute and present a smooth team, for they can't. It really takes practice and requires team work all the way along. Several things are important.

First, the horses should be kept together at all times, with the rider's knees on a level line, keeping the idea in mind that each team is functioning as a unit. Nothing looks worse than a ragged line, with part a pace before, and part a pace behind. An even line takes just one thing—practice.

Second, (and we are well aware some judges would place this first) keep your horses on the right lead! On-lookers don't seem to pay much attention to this point, and can be seen rooting wildly for a team with one or more members placidly on the wrong lead, but after all, this class is a horsemanship class, and any error of lead on the part of a rider is a serious one, certain to pull the team rating down. When three riders are on the right lead and the fourth is on the wrong, the picture is instantly spoiled.

Third, appearance is important. Riders should be matched as closely as possible as to size, and mounts should look as near alike as possible. Remember the striking appearance of Frank Carroll's matched grays at the 1940 National Horse Show? Matching details of dress, and similar cavison and browbands on the horses help to present a beautiful appearance going around the ring.

It is of practical help, in case an instructor is not riding with the group, to have one rider definitely designated as Captain, and given the responsibility of watching the line and setting pace for the walk-trot-canter. Needless to say, the weaker riders should be sandwiched in middle position, for the ends reverse themselves and both are important positions. Of course it is ideal to have four riders equally able, but in practice it works out that a team finds itself with riders of varying ability.

Requirements may differ, so here consult your prize list. In the Greenwich Interschool spring shows an unusual and interesting routine used to be followed. Each group could execute whatever movements they desired within the space of two minutes. As a consequence, each team had something to offer, and it really was a pleasure to watch.

If a team got slowed up, and couldn't finish in two minutes, they were notified by the ringmaster's whistle, but it was surprising how much could be crowded into that short time—circles, figure eights, single files, and cloverleaf.

The horsemanship division in general proved to be the bulwark of the Brooklyn show last week. Miss Betty MacLeod, a local girl sixteen years old, covered herself with glory, winning classes over some of the best riders of the past season, and gaining the horsemanship championship. Mr. Von Lambeck, who was judging, awarded the MacLay trophy to Miss Mary Poll, while Miss Edith Lisle of Long Island had the distinction of being the second winner of the good hands cup this season.

Both medal classes fell to Miss Janet Ann Meade, who was named reserve champion. Alert Ann Morningstar caught her older rivals napping in one of the open horsemanship classes, and won over the whole field!

Edward McVitty's Mache Triumphs At Smithtown Trials

BY AMOS L. HORST

Mr. Edward Q. McVitty's promising young hunter Mache ridden by George M. H. Hudson won the hunter championship at the Smithtown Hunter Trials, shared first honors in the pair-class with Mrs. Richardson's Rockleigh, the hunt team first with Mr. Johanns' Baron, and Rockleigh but was bested in the lightweight division by Wide Water Farm's ring and field veteran Rum-tum.

In the heavyweight hunter competition, the largest event for individual mounts Mr. Alec G. Richardson's John Jasper, won over Baron, Wide Water Farm's Blue Steel, and Mr. J. D. Silberman's Storme Queen, and was later honored with the reserve championship of the show even though he was only in fourth place in the hunt team event when teamed with Wide Water Farm's Wilson Pride, and Mr. Henry Ober's Pandora.

The sixth annual hunter trials were held on Mr. Samuel T. Browne's Brambletye Farm, and Mr. Ward Melville's Wide Water Farm at Old Field, L. I. These two adjoining farms have many fences similar to the Smithtown hunting country, and

the course laid out under the supervision of Mr. Frederick L. Johanns Jr., M. F. H. was very much like their hunting country, but many of the veteran hunters gave such uniformly high performance that Mrs. James A. Hewlett, the sole judge, of Jericho, L. I., was kept very busy all afternoon to select the winners in the six events open to subscribers to the hunt, and ridden by amateurs, or hunt servants.

A large number of subscribers came out for the competition and many of them rode their own horses. Miss Margaret Melville, honorary secretary of the hunt kept the records, and rode in several events, and Mr. Johanns, M. F. H. in addition to supervising the trials also competed in three events.

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PIEDMONT FOX HOUNDS

Upperville, Fauquier County, Virginia.
Established 1840.
Recognized 1904.



Friday, Dec. 5

This Rectortown meet, at 10 a. m., might well be termed Mrs. George P. "Shifty" Metcalf's \$300 hunt. It was her 4th hunt of this season with the Piedmont pack and consequently a contribution on the basis of a full season was in line.

Mrs. Metcalf (nee Pauline Cabot of Boston), now of Providence, R. I., but Xmasing in the shooting country of Georgia, is such an enthusiastic foxhunter that wind, snow or wintry weather, she was bound to hunt her last day in Virginia ere going south, bird hunting—and so hounds set forth in the rain.

Everyone was camouflaged in rain-coats, surprising it is how it hides identity, even the characteristic seats of well known followers. But the sun came out, within half an hour, coats came off, and it was like dawn lifting the cloak of night, everyone regained their customary figures and character. Scenting conditions seemed to be on the improve, expectations were high.

One fox was run through the 2-mile woods, slowly, hounds picking it out, then an unaccountable loss, in the open. Scent was nil. In due time another was run back through the edge of these woods, over in the Delaplane country, but a lead hound shot him out the other side, viewed by Horace Moffett, who thinking the meet was at 11, had galloped from Marshall. This fox went 1 field and in.

An endless long draw ensued, covering miles, hours, finally as Dr. Randolph was ready to call it a day, Bill Phillips viewed, and hounds were put on. They worked this hot trail, slowly, picking it up and losing it, to an eventual loss back by Crenshaw cross-roads. So a day was called at 2:15, after a full 25-mile ride and no more than 2 fields of galloping. An uneventful day, but pleasant and a good coffee-housing day for a field of 28.

Tuesday, Dec. 9

Piedmont Hounds really redeemed themselves, for the blank of the previous Friday. The meet was at The Maples, 10 a. m., and the crust on the ponds and creeks denoted the fact that it had been below freezing during the night. There seemed every evidence of a real scenting day, it was crisp, the sun was shining, as a field of almost 50 moved off, on a new sort of draw. Dr. Randolph, M. F. H., decreed to straight way cross the pike.

Within 2 fields, hounds opened with such drive that a buster for the season was anticipated, but they

ROSE TREE FOX HUNTING CLUB

Media, Pennsylvania.
Established 1859.
Recognized 1904.



Monday, Nov. 24

Hounds met at the kennels at 8 o'clock this morning. A field of three followed Huntsman Crossan and Hounds across Kennel Road into Dr. Hutchinson's south meadows. Like the field of three, hounds looked hopeful. The morning air blew fresh but not too zestfully—from the north and the ground boasted a surface dampness from yesterday morning's rain.

Though they worked conscientiously through the middle and north-eastern coverts and across Rose Tree Road into Allen's Hollow they failed to uncover even a cold trail. Not until around 11 o'clock in the Atwater Kent woods west of the Paxon Hollow Golf course, just when we

quickly came to a loss, throwing their heads up in the next field. That hopeless feeling that comes with poor scenting when everything else is right with a day, returned to those, who had known it well on Friday.

Huntsman Atwill at first let them work it out, then he picked them up and made circular casts about this lovely galloping cattle land of the Slaters'. All to no avail! Hounds drew to the south, with the wind, then swung back, sending 2 foxes along the Goose Creek bottom land, across the pike, and northwest through the stone-wall country.

This was a good run; some followers had more fun than others, for some got caught back and had some demanding jumping and riding, even a wire through the top of one fence. Hounds split and 4 couple of the real lead hounds brought one fox back across the pike, then the balance of the pack was brought back, and a slow line was honored, until the tail hounds connected with the lead ones who'd lost. The other fox went up the creek to the Langley's Atoka farm.

Thence it was a draw through Grafton, always sure to hold a fox, and it was blank. Across the pike through the historic Upperville Show Grounds again, and hounds had another fox running, making a nice turn back of the Richard Peach place—during which burst, Dr. Randolph led his followers over a 3'-6" wall and rider with a 3'-0" drop. Henry Frost, Jr.'s 4-year-old hooked his knees—it was a long fall—no damage—and the 4-year-old was high, folding over his fences the balance of the day. Hounds denned this fox at the end of 15 minutes.

The Blakely Grove fox then was run. This time he refused to do his enjoyable trip to Buchanan's, to Liangollen, to Brookmeade, but turned back sharply and went almost to Old Welborne, before cutting back to lose hounds in the field adjoining the Blakely Grove woods, he was started in.

There were 4-5-6 foxes up during the day. There was lots of galloping. It's a heavenly country. Mrs. Dorothy Patterson went well, going along aside easily with Mrs. Taylor Hardin, one of the straightest ladies in the Virginia fields. At one point there were 9 ladies clustered in the coat tails of the Doctor: Mrs. Theodora Winthrop, Mary Rumsey, Mrs. Norman Toerge, Mrs. Harold Talbott, Mrs. Cary Jackson, Mrs. Howard Hanna, Jr., Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Hardin, and Diana Drury, her mount provided by Miss Rumsey.

were wondering if we might not as well hack on home, did hounds suddenly tongue a glad, authoritative note.

They swung across fields and road into McCullough's woods. We had a fast gallop through those tortuous paths, over stones and logs and streams, circling out finally into the south field and on back on a loop into the Atwater Kent woods. Whether there were two foxes or whether half the pack out ran the other half, there's no telling. But one half the pack sailed on across the golf course into St. Peter's and St. Paul's and thence into Allen's Hollow where they marked their leader to earth.

The other half lost on the burnt stubble bordering the golf course. The pack's dividing so neatly gives credence to two distinct lines.

Tuesday, Nov. 25

At Lima at 1:30 a large field of 30 or more followed Foster Reeve (taking over as master for Mr. Sellers) and hounds into Yeadsley's Hollow and through all the coverts of Darlington Hill. The field seemed in gala mood, all set for a run, both riders and horses. Kathleen Reeve's 4-year-old going beautifully and Dr. Cross' 5-year-old ready to graduate.

Air and earth were both very dry and hounds could not apparently uncover scent. A blank afternoon. Not blank for me however! Miss Gooney tangled with the meanish "set in" on the bank from the road into the Dairy Farm—a spill—and when she came up she caught me with her hoof on the side of face and head. Second hand notes for a bit, therefore.

From my hospital bed I have time aplenty to think. Thought No. 1—Such tiny threads of circumstance pull us this way or that. (Louis urged me to hunt *The Crow* that afternoon. At first I said yes—then I said no, Miss Gooney needed the going. She did!) Thought No. 2—Doctors in cahoots with family exemplify totalitarian government. What's the difference in principle between hospitals and concentration camps? Thought No. 3—There's still such a thing as free speech. A one woman war department can have her moments!

Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27

Marion Peek, one of the faithful

who is always "there" when hounds are running, tells me that from Sycamore Mills at 9 o'clock, hounds drew various coverts to Mr. Piersol's pines, working well in spite of the large individually inclined holiday field. In these pines they put up a fox not a stout hearted fellow, however, for he went to earth in Chestnut Sprouts.

The 2nd fox, jumped at once in Hunting Hill, was of stouter stuff. From Mr. Jeffords' pines he bore right to Pickering. Here he circled several times before he went out through Smedley's apple orchard and Delchester meadows across West Chester Pike into Radnor country—Rose Tree's first foray into foreign soil this season.

Swinging righthanded the fox circled back through the Lloyd property into Pickering. Here he went to earth. "Hounds ran well in the open," records Mrs. Peek, "as well as in the exceedingly dry woods. Every hound was up when the fox was marked to earth after a run of about an hour and a half."

Tuesday, Dec. 2

Hounds are meeting now—its about 1:30—at Garret Williamson's Lodge. It's drizzling a gentle mist and the wind is from the east—I can tell by the motion of the branches of the maple outside my window. Just the day for hounds to put up a running fox. I'll try not to hate it if they do. Still I'll feel all kind and warm and friendly to the world if they don't.

Next Day

But they did! Mrs. Peek records: "Jumped a fox on the Atwater Kent property, went away very fast across Mr. Henderson's upper farm through Mr. Yarnall's and Mr. Jeffords' into Harvey Yarnall's, across the fields into the Barrens, circling through Mr. Kerr's into Mr. Hart's, left through Mr. Linn's across the road into Mrs. Brinton's, thence through the Bordens and back to the Barrens where he was put under after a very fast 2 hour run without a check." And Mrs. Peek tells me that hounds had great drive throughout the going. That was a run to record including as it did in splendid circles a 5 mile point. Oh dear!—P. G. G.

Continued On Page Fifteen

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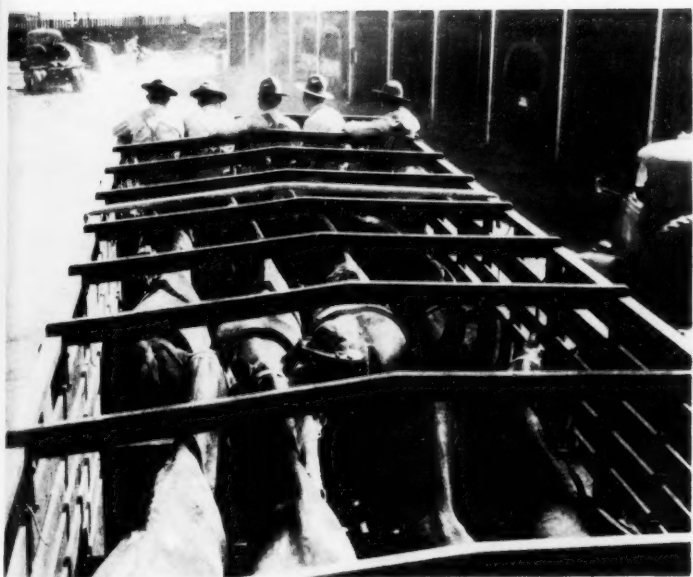
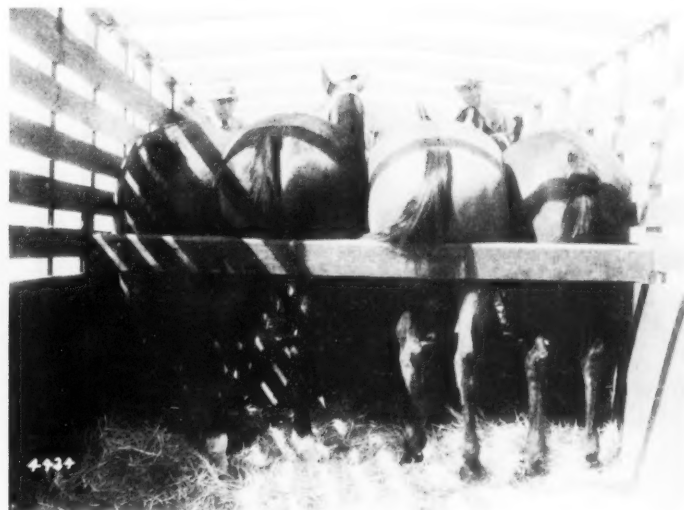


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FOXHUNTERS VAN TO MEETS; THE CAVALRY ADOPTS IT IN WAR TIME



Major General John K. Herr, Chief of Cavalry, introduced the Portee trailer to the United States Army and these trailers were used in actual operations for the first time in the recent maneuvers in Carolina. There are 2 regular army regiments equipped with these trailers and 7 national guard regiments and the principle is that of the modern foxhunter who wants to get to the meet in the quickest possible time and save his horse for hunting. The Portee trailers bring troops up to the scene of action and go as far as mechanized units and then the horses carry on from there to bring firepower to bear on the enemy. They can also be used to transport supplies. The last horse in must wedge himself in like a football player hitting the line. Two hundred miles a day for 5,000 miles were averaged by these trailers with no accidents in army maneuvers.

WYTHEMORE HOUNDS IN MARYLAND



The Wythemore Hounds move off to their first draw on Thanksgiving Day with William German, joint M.F.H. Huntsman Bart Mueller and Roy Hough are with hounds.



Part of the large field to enjoy sport above left were Jack Seymour, Norman Seips, H. C. Jenifer, Nancy Sehlhorst and her father, William A. Sehlhorst and at right C. R. Mason and McCord Sollenberger.



Mrs. Wade Levering on LAURILLE takes a jump out with Wythemore when a field of 36 enjoyed a good 3/4 hour run. At right Hugh Wiley follows Mrs. Levering on his good show pony CHIT CHAT while the field waits their turn.

FARMINGTON HUNT CLUB

Charlottesville, (Box 1),
Virginia.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1932.



Farmington Hunt, of which Mrs. J. P. Jones and Roger Rinehart are joint-masters had a novel October fixture card out. "Hounds will not meet until it rains", it read, but it finally trickled and out they went, hunting fox and running drag lines.

Three Thursdays ago, hounds went out foxhunting, turned in a grand account, running a red and a grey and accounting for them both, killing.

Drags have been run the past several Saturdays.

POTOMAC HUNT

Great Elm Farm,
Rockville,
Maryland.
Established 1910.
Recognized 1931.



Saturday, November 29, seemed like a hot summer day to members of Potomac Hunt who met at the kennels at 1:45 p. m. Hounds were cast on Mr. Semmes' place, crossed to Richmond Keech's farm and immediately jumped a fox by the old pipe line. Simultaneously a second fox was gotten up with the result the pack split, but got together again on Dr. Lyon's farm. The going was very fast; as fence after fence loomed up they were taken at a steeple-chase pace. The line crossed into Mr. Cramer's, Mr. McConihe's, and Mr. George Plummer's, and then into Gordon's woods. Here the fox made a short turn to the left, and went almost to River road, made another turn to the right this side of Mr. Plummer's and went to earth on Mr. Plummer's place near Piney Meeting House Road. Only 4 hunters finished at the den; the rest of the field stayed on River Road, too spent to make it.

Tuesday, December 2, was warm, damp, with no wind and every member out, of Potomac Hunt, expected (and got) good hunting when they met at Mr. Boswell's corner at 1:45 p. m.

Hounds were cast on Tom Bailey's and got up a fox at once. He carried them to the far side of Clifton Vier's farm, back through Bailey's, Boetticker's, Claggett's, Mr. Julian's, and denned on Mr. Julian's farm near Rockville Pike. The run lasted 45 minutes, with one very short check and was very fast.

Despite high winds and bitter cold, a large field met at Mr. Cranford's corner December 6. Horses pranced, nervously eager to be off, and riders just as eager because of the penetrating cold, but no luck.

Hounds were cast on Mr. Brower's farm, drew Major LeGarde's, Mr. All-nutt's, Mr. Robertson's, and circled back but nary a fox did they find.

The field out that day included Dr. Fred Sanderson, M. F. H., Mr. Dunlop, III, Mr. Banfield, Dr. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Moran, Mr. Altemus with his 2 daughters, Shirley and Ann; Miss Caroline Viers, Mrs. Horgan, Mr. Walker, Mrs. Straus, Mr. Blinston, Mr. Cabot, Mr. LaMotte, Mr. Yates, Mr. and Mrs. McConihe, Mr. Hanson, Mr. Lowe and 2 brothers, Mrs. Blunt, Col. Hardy, Miss Hughes, Miss Hagner, Lt. Strawbridge, Mr. Brodesser, Mr. Fadeley, Lieut. Price and Lieut. Cunningham.

Mr. and Mrs. Fenton Fadeley entertained members of Potomac Hunt later at their home in Bethesda, Md.; as usual with their parties, this turn-

OAKS HUNT

P. O. Box 384,
Great Neck,
Long Island, New York.
Established 1931.
Recognized 1940.



Thursday, Nov. 20

Hunting with The Oaks Hunt of Great Neck, L. I., was a pleasant experience on Thanksgiving Day. Even though the hunt is just about 25 minutes from Broadway by motor, and at times hounds run parallel to the Central Parkway of L. I. everything is done in traditional manner which does not vary a bit from the drag packs of England, or America.

To the meet at Mr. Edward Whitehouse's Visteria cottage on Mr. Joseph P. Grace's estate came 56 riders. Many of them were concerned about the first flight of fences, which looked as though they were too near and formidable, as is usually the case when one views the first fences before hunting. The beautiful setting, with cattle in the nearby pasture, the hounds under control of John Jay, the professional huntsman, aroused a desire to ride and brought confidence that hunters would be up to any requirement of the field.

Hunting started at 11 a. m. and almost immediately after the huntsman blew "gone away", hounds were on a line that led over an old-style worm fence, then over a post and-rail into an open field going in a northerly direction into Mr. Grace's Deer Park, and then east into grass country.

Hounds ran through the Payne Whitney woods, along the edge of a truck patch and over ploughed ground, then swung east through woods on the William S. Paley estate near the edge of the Seward Webb property. Skirting the Harness estate,

ed out to be a super affair where people came early and stayed late.

V. S. Brower, Field Secy.

it led along a short bridle path and crossed an unused blacktop road to the Allen estate. The first check was near the police booth adjoining the Shelter Rock Road, of North Hills.

Hounds then were cast on the Robert G. Elbert estate, ran northeast through the Nicholas F. Brady property to the edge of Searington Road, where they were lifted and found on the opposite side in the south fields of the John D. Ryan estate. Continuing east they circled north across Old Powerhouse Road, jumping a post and rail setback, into high-grass country, then circled in front of the Ryan homestead, across a solidly built chicken coop, and checked in the lower field near Powerhouse Road.

Hounds were lifted and the Field hacked along Searington Road, crossing Old Westbury Road, through an underpass of the Motor Parkway, turned west through heavy covert to the east of Falk's farm, near East Williston.—Amos L. Horst.

MIDDLEBURG HUNT

Middleburg,
Loudoun County,
Virginia.
Established 1906.
Recognized 1908.



Saturday, Dec. 6

This department had high hopes of a double for the day—to hunt with Middleburg and then duck to Orange County where he was so fortunate to have a mount as well. Middleburg Hounds did little in drawing down Goose Creek cliffs from the meet at Glenwood Park Course at 10 a. m.

Several smartly turned out ladies came a cropper, including Therese Shook and Carol Humphrey, the latter up for the first time in months, as her days now demand study in New York. Both Foxcroft alumnae were extremely embarrassed in the face of the young undergraduate Foxcrofters afield, Mrs. Lisle Johnson, who has the Bishop cottage, also bought Middleburg realty.

Robert Kerns, the Oliver Iselins' Continued on Page Nineteen

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If you do call, please be brief and place your call by number if possible.

This coming Christmas we expect a heavy load of calls. We'll do all we can to handle the rush. But calls to certain points will be delayed and some will not get through.

We hope you'll understand and cooperate.

R. N. GARBER, Local Manager

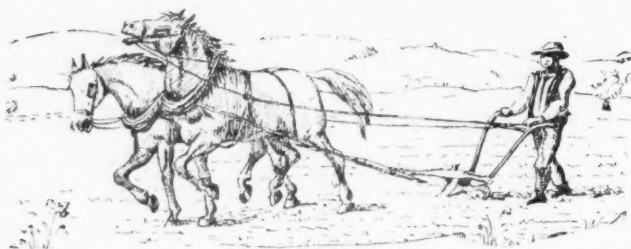
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FARMING For Defense



American Agriculture Must Revolutionize Former Methods To Become Livestock Producing Country Instead Of Grain

It is hard to believe that we Americans living out in the country with big, peaceful, rolling fields all around us are right now, this minute looking into the business end of a loaded gun threatening these very same fields; they are capable of producing vast quantities of food; they have all of the things that a gang of robbers abroad in the world would like and what's more they are right now doing their level best by every means in their power to actually get into these same fields of ours, to make them theirs. Don't think it cannot happen, because American fields have already been destroyed in the past week.

No longer can Americans just talk about saving Democracy; it isn't a question of how much aid we are going to send where and when. The question is, are we still going to talk with a gun pointed at our heads or is America in the country going to work to produce the things needed to save democracy? At last it is a question of put up or shut up; produce or go under and Americans have had just enough of a mauling to make them fighting mad and from now on there needs to be sane thinking and sane planning on every farm in the country.

Everybody knows what this country has to supply; everybody should know that growing wheat is a waste of time. Americans do not have to grow any wheat for 2 years. Everybody, too, knows that as production goes up by leaps and bounds, with everybody being put to work, that the amount of food to be consumed to feed America is going to increase and treble. The munition worker who was out of work a few years ago is now making good money. He is eating steaks and he is buying milk for his family. He wants fresh vegetables, fresh fruits, fresh pork and those are the exact same things that our ally Great Britain is having a terrible time to produce in sufficient quantities. England is only producing half of her food. The rest is imported. One quarter of the food supply of England is to be furnished by America which is enough to feed 10 million people or about 6 to 8 percent of our annual production. The whole trend of food production is up

for a country in fighting trim requires more than it does in peacetime to be efficient.

What is going to happen as America keeps on sending food to her ally? The conquered nations are going to grow so tired of eating nothing with the knowledge that the Democracies are still eating and eating well, that they are going to realize that it is Democracies and not dictators who produce the goods. Food is our best fifth column. In Europe today the main conversation is food and where to get it. Some day they will fight for the victory of the Democracies where food is if we can keep on producing it.

The herds and flocks of Europe are going, being slaughtered to feed Hitler's army. The herds and flocks to feed the world must soon come from America. There is much to think about when you are looking down the business end of a loaded gun and particularly when you know that the only way to get that gun away is to produce. Your brain gets pretty active and starts going in unaccustomed channels. It is so unaccustomed that in this particular case it is apt to revolutionize the entire farming picture in America and such a revolution may be one of the greatest boons to American agriculture. Without markets and without incentive it is hard for anybody to get enthusiastic about farming but with the market of the world in front of you and despair behind you, if landowners in America do not get on their toes and provide milk, eggs, butter and cheese by the millions of pounds it is not the same America that put four million men under arms in 1918 and fed the Belgians besides. It isn't going to be easy and it isn't going to be smooth sledding.

What if fertilizers we are counting on to put pastures in better shape to keep more cattle is cut off to be diverted into various war industries? Do you know the fertilizer that has the very best mineral affect, better than all of the artificial fertilizers on the market? Certainly you do; it is farmyard manure; it is humus made for a compost heap. The Chinese have maintained the greatest population on the land without any falling off in fertility. Why? They don't waste organic matters. Leaves, branches, rotted fruits, tea leaves, grass, everything goes on the compost heap. In six months it is the best fertilizer. Many farms today don't even have compost heaps.

What if farm machinery becomes harder to get than it is now? America is a country of farm machinery but what if steel cannot be secured for new parts, new tools? It is not unlikely. Everybody on every farm ought to start taking care of machinery, tools, tractors. Instead of leaving them out of doors, take them

Quarter Horse Race

Continued from Page One

horses is the tremendous muscles in the quarters and forearms. They claim out here to have a record of 21 2-5 but the best I ever saw was 22 1-5.

The purses are only \$50, but the owners always put up side bets of anywhere from \$1,000 to \$5,000, winner take all. I wonder what the park courses back east would think of that?

Extracts from the clipping read as follows:

"Highlighted by a record pari-mutuel payoff in the 5th race (\$44.80) and by 3 thrill-packed matched races, the most successful meet in the history of the Moltacqua Turf Club was held yesterday afternoon at the racing plant on Sabino Canyon Road, before an estimated crowd of 3,000.

"With more than \$3,000 bet on the outcome, Shoo-Fly, the brown mare owned by R. E. Burrus, New Mexico owner, and trainer, outdistanced Clabber, champion of the quarter-horse speed trials here last year, in the feature 1-4 mile race. Official time was 22 3-5.

in; instead of letting everything get lost and scattered from one end of the farm to the other take care of it. Make people be responsible. If American agriculture is facing a revolution in its procedure, let's help make it a good revolution, let's start from the ground up and begin farming right. There are too many poor farmers in America, not financially, but men-

tally.

"Breaking from the starting gate, almost a length in the lead, the famous sorrel Clabber, ridden by Mel Lewis, drove hard down the stretch leading the mare to the eighth-pole. There Dominguez, astride the Burrus entry, striped his mare with his bat and moved way, winning by a half a length.

"The actual matched race bet was for \$1,000 but devotees of both horses laid more than \$2,000 in the hands of Clancy Wollard, race secretary, on the outcome.....

"In the 3rd and final matched race of the afternoon, Blueberry Hill, the grey daughter of Joe Bailey, famous shorthorse stallion, and Red Mike, sorrel gelding owned by Roy Adams and C. O. Leuschner, battled the entire 350 yards of the race, neck and neck. The judges called it a tie and money on pari-mutuel tickets was refunded. Adams, Tucson cattleman and George Hazelton, owner of Blueberry Hill, announced they would race again for the same amount, \$1,000, at the next race meet, scheduled for 2 weeks from yesterday.

"Red Mike, from south Texas quarterhorse stock, formerly was used as a bull-dogging horse by Leuschner, who won the dogging event at the annual Tucson rodeo 3 years ago. The blue-gray mare has been a favorite of racehorse fans for the past 2 years here."

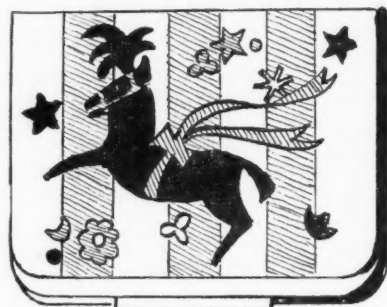
Picture of Quarter-horse on Page 8

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Purpose Of Cavalry

Continued from Page One

General's doctrines on the importance of the cavalry which is best brought out as he points out by the use that the German Army and the Russian Army have been making of cavalry at the present time. The Russians have 44 Divisions of cavalry and said the General, "They are being used right now to drive the German mechanized forces from Russian soil. It is all bunk about Cossacks attacking tanks with their sabres; that is newspaper stuff that had no foundation. Cavalry is not used that way. People in this country are all mixed up with the Charge of the Light Brigade; they do not realize that the importance of cavalry is to move fire power quickly; to be able to disperse quickly from air attack; to get across country with the greatest mobility."

In contrast to the great preponderance of Russian cavalry, the Germans have but one German Cavalry Division and as the General pointed out, this is an answer to what is happening to the German army in Russia right now. The Germans have not, however, failed to see the importance of cavalry in modern warfare for they have made use throughout all of their campaigns of a great many small cavalry units in addition to their one big cavalry division. Every German regiment has a small echelon of 30 or more cavalrymen attached to it and it is estimated that there are about 50,000 cavalrymen being used in the German army.

Going further into the German use of horses, General Herr disclosed that the German army has 245 marching divisions, 25 to 30 mechanized divisions composed of tanks and 35 motorized divisions of mobile units moving on trucks and cars and pulled by mechanical equipment. The significant factor in the German army is the huge preponderance of the marching divisions and the fact that their equipment of all kinds, guns, supply trains, ammunition is all pulled by horses.

"The Germans have made very skillful and balanced use of their resources," the General remarked. In comparison with the German organization America has 26 marching divisions with not an animal in one of them; one motorized division in trucks and 5 mechanized divisions of tanks. In answer to the question of water for horses and was it not always a problem, General Herr replied, "Of course it's a problem but it is easier to find than gasoline or oil."

"The United States has the best cavalry in the world," General Herr stated, "because it is based on traditions of men like Sheridan, Buford and Forest who made use of cavalry as it should be used, to move their fire power quickly to the place where they could deal with the enemy to their greatest advantage. If you are an enemy of mine and you have a rifle and are walking and I have a rifle in my boot and am on a horse what happens?" General Herr queried. "We both see each other about half a mile away and we both run for cover so we can shoot and I get their first because I can run faster on my horse than you can on foot and then when I get to cover and am in the best position, I get off my horse and start to fight. This strategy was well proven by the great cavalry leaders in the Civil war and made the United States the greatest fighting force of cavalry in the world. It is the tradition of fighting

on foot and it is an entirely different conception of that held in Europe as expressed by the charge of the Light Brigade. It is one, however, that Europe has come to and is using to effect now, but it is one that the United States Army first developed."

The General then outlined how America was continuing this tradition which is being used so extensively by the two best armies in Europe. The United States has approximately 25,000 cavalrymen. They are divided as follows. The first cavalry of 11,676 men and 552 officers is at Fort Bliss, Texas. The 2nd cavalry division with the same number is at Fort Riley, Kansas. The 56 Cavalry, Brigade Headquarters is at Fort McIntosh, Texas. Two regiments, the 3rd and the 11th cavalry are stationed at Fort Myer and Fort Lockett in California. There are two regular army regiments of a combination of horse and mechanized troops, the 4th cavalry at Fort Meade, South Dakota and the 6th cavalry at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. A cavalry regiment has 70 officers and 1,591 men. The horse and mechanized regiments have portee squadrons of 20 officers and 510 men who move their horses in 15 ton portee trailers that carry 8 horses and 8 men each. These regular army units are supplemented by 7 regiments of the National Guard who are also a combination of horse and mechanized units equipped with portee trailers to move the cavalry; the 101st is at Fort Devens, Mass.; the 102nd is at Fort Jackson, S. C.; 104th at Indiantown Gap, Penna.; 106th at Camp Livingston, La.; 107th at Camp Forest, Tenn.; 113th at Camp Bowie, Texas and the 115th Fort Lewis, Washington.

"We have had a hard time," the Chief of Cavalry in United States continued, "The last two years trying to convince the people that the cavalry is vital to a modern army. There is so much talk in the newspapers of the mechanized units that the importance of the cavalry has been overlooked. The cavalry is as important today as it ever was for mechanized equipment can go along roads but they cannot get across country for reconnaissance work the way a horse can."

"They said our big 15 ton portee trailers would not be able to get over bridges with capacities of 5 tons; they would get stuck; they laughed at them. Well one regiment went 5,000 miles in the recent maneuvers and averaged 200 miles a day. There were only 7 horses injured during the entire maneuvers. They can be loaded or unloaded in 7 minutes. They move up with other units along the roads and then when it becomes impossible for mechanized equipment to go farther, the horses go out across country for reconnaissance or for attack and most important of all for bringing fire power to bear on the enemy in the quickest possible fashion. The big trailers did not get stuck nor break through bridges because the weight is so widely displaced over an area of ground. They are an innovation of the United States cavalry and they have proved most successful."

Pictures of the portee trailers are on page 13 of this issue.

"We want horsemen in the cavalry," General Herr said "that's why I am talking to you because your readers represent horsemen. It takes years to make or develop good horsemen who really understand a horse and now there is no time. Everybody interested in joining the cavalry should enlist with their Corps Area Commander and ask to be assigned to the cavalry. The cavalry is

MONTPELIER HUNT

Montpelier Station,
Virginia.
Established 1924, 1927.
Recognized 1928.



Cub hunting started September 1, hounds meeting Tuesdays and Fridays, 6 a. m. at the kennels. The fall being very dry with almost no rain it was impossible to follow a night scent but with plenty of foxes in the country there were one or two short runs nearly every time out.

Hounds could hold scent very well in the woods but once out in open country, unless on a very hot trail, they would lose it. The Montpelier pack has done exceedingly well considering hunting conditions and has numerous puppies which show great promise. The opening meet was held November 4.

Friday, Nov. 24

A most eventful morning. Hounds met at kennels at 8 a. m. Drew Chicken Mountain with no results. Then went into Mr. Neale's woods where hounds found. They followed the line to Merrie's Mountain, across the top and down the other side, turned and came back. Four hounds had been left behind and when the

taking on more men and there are plenty of vacancies although quotas vary from month to month. Men will be sent to Fort Riley, Kansas for training and will be eligible after this period to go to Officers' Training School in order to secure commissions."

Lieutenant Colonel J. T. Duke, General Herr's Chief of Staff, outlined in detail the disposition and personnel of the various cavalry units placed all over the country and gave The Chronicle some excellent photographs of cavalry in action at the recent maneuvers which we are publishing with a great deal of pleasure. From the latest report on the Missions of Cavalry, Colonel Duke gave The Chronicle the following summary of the importance of cavalry today: "Military authorities are agreed that the horse still remains the fastest means of transporting on the battlefield the individual soldier with his combat equipment. When tactical necessity so demands, in order to conserve its efforts and to speed its arrival in forward area, the cavalry may be moved up from the rear by motor, provided roads are available. In event this is done, each squad, horses, men and equipment is transported as a unit so that it is ready to dismount and fight at any moment."

fox turned he was headed for the four hounds. He turned to retrace his steps only to find himself running straight toward the main pack. Undaunted he never swerved and ran, right through the center. Hounds turned upside-down, inside-out and summersaults in mid-air trying to get to him but 'twas a home run and with nary a hair touched he headed for the nearest covert.

Tuesday, Nov. 25

A cold morning and a heavy frost. Hounds left kennels at 8. Drew Willis' Mountain where they picked up a cold scent which they trailed 20 or 30 minutes. Got up a fox on Red Mountain which circled once and promptly went to ground.

Friday, Nov. 28

No sooner had hounds left kennels when they got up a red on Chicken Mountain. Down off the mountain they went, out of the woods into Mr. Neale's field. It was a beautiful sight to see them make a big loop with the fox about 100 yards in front of them. Back up into Chicken Mountain, they came off the other side and across the big field in front of the yearling barn at Montpelier, then into the garden and back toward the road where they were bothered. In a few minutes they picked up the scent again and were off over Chicken Mountain, through Mr. Neale's place towards Merrie's Mountain where, after a good run of about an hour and 15 minutes, hounds ran fox to ground.

Tuesday, Dec. 2

Hounds met at kennels at 8. The morning warm and very dry. Drew Chicken Mountain with no results. Crossed the road and headed for Mount Athos where hounds found. It was a big grey and they trailed him for 1 1/2 hours but scenting being so poor they finally lost.

Friday, Dec. 5

Hounds met at kennels at 8. The morning warm with a heavy fog and wet after nights rain. About 8:30 the heavens opened again and it poured again for 15 minutes, after which the fog lifted letting the sun through. Hounds drew Red Mountain and got up a very wet bedraggled looking red. They came off Red Mountain across Hauffman's field and onto Willis' Mountain. There they turned and went back into Red Mountain. The fox made a big circle, came off and went to ground in Mr. Carter's field. Hounds then drew Willis' Mountain and in about 20 minutes got up another red. He made the same loop and the hounds ran him in the other side of Mr. Carter's in the wood.

(Contributed).

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Foxhunting And The War

Continued from Page One

influential members of the Government, the danger of wholesale destruction was averted, although many packs were given up and others reduced by more than half.

Today, England is faced with a far more difficult situation, and the enemies of foxhunting, taking advantage of that fact, are urging the passing of an order prohibiting the maintenance of packs or the continuance of hunting. In these days, when many of England's sportsmen are at the front, fighting gallantly as they always have, it seems to me very unfair to attempt to rob them of the joy of looking forward in the future to the pursuit of that sport which is an integral part of that England which they have always known, and for the preservation of which they are fighting. And yet, only the other day, I heard one man remark that he could not understand how anyone could go out foxhunting when there was so much other work to be done, and that he had no patience with those who upheld such practices.

It seems to me that such remarks are not only most unfair, but also detrimental to the morale of the men—aye, and women too—who have given and are giving everything they possess—their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour—to defeat those forces of evil which are trying to enslave the civilized world.

One day—it must have been eight or ten years ago when I first took over the Cattistock Hounds—I remember noticing a lady, a stranger in my field, who attracted my attention by the way she went when hounds ran. She was a middle-aged, grey-haired woman, beautifully turned out and well mounted. While we were drawing she was never in anyone's way, but when hounds ran—well, there was many a younger woman, or man too, for that matter, who couldn't stay with her. Later in the day I asked to be presented to her, and when I heard her name—Miss Maude Wynter—my mind at once flashed back to that dinner in New York of which I have spoken, and the poem on the back of the menu which ran as follows:

There's a Vale for which I'm sighing,
I can see its fences still.
And my thoughts go backward flying
With the pack to Golden Hill.
I can hear that welcome "holloa"
"GONE AWAY"—he's broke at last.
Hear the thundering hoofs that follow
As I ride into the past.

Memories, bitter sweet come thronging
As I pace the prison ground
And my heart is sick with longing
For a sight of horse and hound.
But however drear the days be,
Fair or foul, or rain or shine
Not the Fates themselves can rob me
Of those Hunts which once were mine.

Pause a moment, oh my brothers
Who at home so glibly prate
How you hope to see Foxhunting
Soon abolished by the State.
We have fought for you, and gladly
Would you now requite us thus?
Kill the sport we love so madly?
Think what hunting means to us.

For the sake of those who're absent
For the sake of those who're gone
All those gallant cheery comrades
Who once rallied to the horn;
For the youngster, true to breeding,
Longing soon the game to learn—
Hear us soldier exiles pleading
Keep it up till we return.

"Did you write that poem about the EXILED FOXHUNTER, which was published in Horse and Hound during the last war?" I asked.

"Yes, Mr. Higginson, I wrote it, and I know that you quoted it on the menu of your American M. F. H. Association in New York, for one of my friends was there and told me of it—in fact he sent me the menu. I wrote that" she said, "because I felt deeply the injustice done to men who loved foxhunting, by those who had never known it."

And what she said to me then—what she felt—is true today. Once hunting is stopped it will be difficult to get it started again. It must not stop. The British Government—many of them at any rate—know this; but there are those who seize on this chance to decry the sport which has helped to make the men of the British Nation what they are today; and to deprive them of it would be a terrible mistake, as well as a great injustice to those men who are fighting in order that England—the England they know and love—may be preserved.

But there is another side to the matter—

"All work and no play—makes Jack a dull boy"—there's no truer saying. Let me tell you something of an experience I had a few days ago in the country in which I hunt, with a pack which has the whole-hearted support of the farmers who till the land and raise the crops that keep the nation alive today. The Master has been in the service—he is at the present at home invalided out because of the effects of a disease contracted during the First World War—and he is unable to do one day a week which brings hounds to that part of the country where I happen to live. For that reason it sometimes happens that I am in charge of the field acting as his deputy. A few days ago he rang me up on the telephone and said—"I can't get out tomorrow, Alex, but I've told Will what to draw and I wanted to tell you about

certain people who are coming out, because I want you to look after them specially."

"Right", I answered, "tell me who they are and I'll do what I can."

"Well", he went on, "there are about forty of them, and—"

"Good Lord", I said, "where in Heaven's name did they get horses?"

"They're not on horses" he answered, "they're soldiers—on foot, they want to run with hounds. Their Captain rang me up—he's a chap I used to know—and asked if he might bring his training squad over, and let 'em follow hounds instead of hiking on the road—damn good idea, don't you think? Of course I said 'yes', and I told him to look you up. He'll meet you at" and he rang off.

"The next morning hounds met at half-past ten on a lovely village green, and as we approached the spot I saw drawn up at one side of the road a small detachment of soldiers with a Captain at their head. He came up and saluted and told me what I already knew, that he had talked with the Master, and that he hoped I didn't mind him bringing his men out. "It's far better training for them" he said, "than running on the road, and moreover it teaches them to get across country and to learn something of the topography of the land. Just tell me which general direction you're going to draw and we'll try and keep in touch with you; and not bother hounds either", he added laughing.

"You'll not bother us" I said, "I only hope we can give you a good hunt."

Our first draw was productive of a short-running fox which, as luck would have it, soon went to ground, though he did give our guests a short burst over three fields, and it was great fun to see them getting over rough thorn-crested banks in their eagerness to get to the head. It was just a pipe-opener for them, and I must say I was more anxious to see hounds find that day than I had been for a good while, for I wanted to see how Captain's scheme would work out if hounds really ran.

Well—about quarter past one they did really find a good fox. I heard our new whipper-in, whose husband is serving somewhere in the Middle East, "Holloa away" and I must say it did my heart good, when we got out of covert, to see hounds streaming away over the open with Will close beside them, and the "field" nicely bunched not far behind. They had got a good start. If we had spent an hour instructing that fox how we wanted him to run, and where, we couldn't have done better. Over the meadows, past H—, across the railway line and into the neighboring hunt's country they raced and while we on horses had to make a bit of a detour to get over the railway line, the military were able to steer a straighter course, and were close up when hounds checked about a mile and a half from the covert in which they had found. In fact they got there before we did.


I wish that all mounted fields were as well-behaved as those men were. They didn't mill about as I've often seen the field do at a check. They didn't chatter (they were too blown for that). They just stood still, and (I think) prayed that hounds wouldn't hit off the line too soon, before they got their second wind. If they did their prayers were not answered, for hounds hit off the line almost at once and went away in a great left-handed circle back toward the covert. If they had run on, I fear the "field" would have been outdistanced and the end—which was a most spectacular one—would have never come off. But the Goddess of the Chase was with us that day, for the fox who had been hustled hard during the first burst thought he could evade his pursuers by staying in covert and he led them up and down that wood for fifteen minutes giving "the troops" time to come straggling up, and then he broke—so close to them that the chorus of "holloas" that went up, must have frightened him, for he swung left-handed and faced the open with the pack close on his brush and was rolled over two fields further on in sight of everyone.

I wish my readers could have seen those men coming over that last field. It was like the finish of a steeplechase to see them crossing the last obstacle and the sergeant to whom I gave the brush put on a burst for the last hundred yards that would have done credit to "Battleship". In fact it was not unlike "Battleship's" finish in the Grand National a few years ago. As I said, the brush went to the leading sergeant, but if my readers think the rest of the field were satisfied with that ceremony they are mistaken. They ALL wanted a bit of that fox, and Will had to cut off little bits of fur from every part of the quarry which hounds left. But they were all finally satisfied and went away happy—happier I think than they have been for some time!

Stop foxhunting?—Never!

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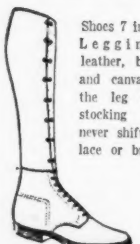
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Sedgefield Hunt

SEDGEFIELD HUNT

High Point,
North Carolina.
Established 1927.
Recognized 1941.



We had a very fine run last Saturday, Nov. 29. The International News Service had asked the North Carolina State Department of Conservation—the advertising bureau of our state—to furnish them with a group of pictures of the Sedgefield Hunt. The Department's photographer, Mr. William Baker, came down and rode with us—getting pictures from all angles.

We had about a 2 1-2 hour run after casting hounds on the Adams' farm and running in circles and loops over a territory of 8 to 10 miles—finally resulting in a kill of the red fox which had been giving us some fine sport for some time.

Everyone then returned to the Sedgefield Inn, where one of our good members stood us all for refreshments and Baker was able to secure pictures there. We understand that these pictures are to be used in some of the rotogravure sections of the International News.

—T. V. R.

Middleburg

Continued from Page Fifteen

stable-manager, had a narrow one, when his horse rolled over him after falling on the flat, stepping in a hole. He was severely shaken and bruised.

The original field numbered over 100. By noon-time it had dwindled

considerably. Several foxes were worked through the cliffs of Goose Creek, but the exasperating scenting conditions forbade any real sport. This was virtually the 2nd hunt in 2 days of blank variety for the visitors George M. Humphrey, M. F. H., of Chagrin Valley Hunt, Ohio, and his daughter, Mrs. Howard M. Hanna, Jr., who had hunted with Piedmont Friday.

Monday, Dec. 8

Hounds met at Dover at 10 a. m., and rather appropriately, the moving off time was delayed, due to a north-bound convoy of mechanized forces, returning from South Carolina manoeuvres to Fort Dix, N. J., who had the highways blocked. Hounds drew many well known coverts, all blank. (See Warrenton Hunt notes, Monday, Dec. 8.)

After 2 1/4 hours afield, hounds bolted a fox, which made for Institute and provided those who remained to the end a good run, up along the slopes of Institute, through Miss Charlotte Noland's, from near the Crompton Smiths' "Featherbed Farm". Mrs. Howard Linn, of Mill Creek Hunt, (Ill.) was there to the end.

HART'S RUN HUNT

Post Office, Allison Park,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1940.
Registered 1941.

I went to Pittsburgh for Thanksgiving, and had a most enjoyable Saturday afternoon, drag hunting. Johnny Beach, who is the huntsman mounted me on a nice big gelding: "Rinkon".

Before the meet I had lunch with master, Molly Hays, and I heard what kind of year they have been having. Molly was distressed by the fact that their hounds have been decreasing in number, due to distemper; but good news arrived that very afternoon, (Venus had a litter of 8). An interesting experiment is being tried; fox hunting on Thursdays; and so far has been quite successful. It is not exactly the field's delight, as the foxes never seem to leave their own woods, (they just haven't learned to be as sporting as our Maryland ones.) I think that this is a great step forward and perhaps there will come a day when the foxes will learn to join in, and play the game, thus giving the field their runs and at the same time really fox hunting.

We met 7 1-2 couples at Kramer's School House, and from there were lead a merry chase, for 2 hours with 6 short checks. Leader, Joe and GIP did the best work. I really haven't the vaguest idea where we went, not knowing the country at all, but I do know that we were all ready by 5 o'clock to return to the club house where The DeWees gave a cocktail party.

I hope to have the pleasure of returning to Harts Run very soon, and if I do I shall certainly ask for "Rinkon". Until then good luck to master, Molly and whip, Helen Shaw, who are doing a fine job.—Woogie.

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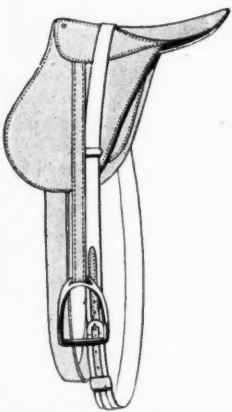
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